THE

Devil of a Wife,

OR A

Comical Transformation.

As it is Acted by His Majesty's Servants, at the Theatre in *Dorset* Garden.

Veni, Vidi, Vici.

LONDON,

Printed for *James Knapton* at the *Crown* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, MDCXCV.

THE
Epiſtle Dedicatory.

To my Worthy Friends and Patrons at *Locket*'s Ordinary.

YOU are not to be told, that Poets are ſawcy, very ſawcy, mighty ſawcy, but your (wou'd be) Poet, or Farce Snipper Snapper, ſuch a Promiſcuous Riddle me Re, as my ſelf, always ſuper-abounding; Therefore do I heartily hope, but more humbly entreat, that with the Piercing Eye of Underſtanding, and thro' the Orbicuous Glaſs of Reaſon, you will perfectly diſcern, and then wholly attribute the bold Preſumption of this ſharp Epiſtle (as I may juſtly term it) to my Seeming ſelf, as Audacious *Jevon* the Poet, and not to my Real ſelf, as Modeſt Mr. *Jevon* the Player. But now I intend to give my ſelf an unwilling Looſe to Eloquent Words and Rhetorical Notions (which to Me have always Prompt and Ready been.) *Et ad Unguem, & ad Pennam*, and forthwith caſt my ſelf upon the Naked Confines of *Mediocrity*, and in plain terms come pat and cloſely to you thus.

You may pleaſe to call to mind, and will remember that preſently after our *Catcall Diſſolution*, which for ſome time, from our Natural Home, and Provident Stage, diſpers'd abroad Us Under-acting *Jews*, without a *Moſes* to provide our *Manna:* And after the Prayers (as you may gueſs) of the many Murmuring Hirelings, for thoſe whoſe whiſtling breath blew 'em to a more remote and far worſe Climate, 'twas then the Needful I (by dint of Hunger forc'd) wrote (you know full well) ſuch Powerful Lines to your unmindful Senate, that had ye not all had Hearts of Stone you would have melted into Retaliating Favours. Your ſpeedy Promiſes were great, but your ſlow Performances (witneſs ye Unaſſiſting Gods) alas, were ſmall. Let this my All-commanding Style, and moſt ingenious Piece then now revive and whet your almoſt blunted Purpoſe, to a more lively, quick and ſolid Anſwer: Let me endear ye all, (my Yet but ſeeming Friends and promiſing Patrons only) to a more ponderous Reſolution, and Candid anſwer to him that, Gad Judge me, ye know to be

Your humble and obedient Servant,

THO. JEVON.

THE PREFACE.

TO THE

Grave, Learned, Judicious and Deliberate.

THE Modern Age, and preſent Repreſentations, unknown to the Antiquitated Limits, which in all bounds of Prevalent Atonements, ſuperſede the Equinoctial of Illuminary Spirits, are not in the leaſt captivated with the Decorum *of Dreſs, fortunate and ſucceeding Action, exhauſted Maſter of Volatory arrided Flaſhneſs, that now is not in ſelf,* De Re Imaginaria neque ſuppoſita de futura. *Neither can their profound Precepts, who were known and ador'd as Patriarchs in Natures primitive Sanguinity with collateral Adherents, with the noiſe of what was heretofore delivered, inculcate Predominancy to the Right Line of Monarchial and Epiſcopal Adherences. Therefore if in greater and more evident Points the Lawyer can no more be without his Fee, than the Lord Chancellor his Mace or a Poet without Errors, (my ſelf alone exempted) why ſhou'd the Judgment of a Man that is partially byaſs'd againſt the* Banditti, *rule the Author's opinion in his own Hemiſphere, and diſcuſs at large the Virtue of* Jobſon's *Wife, without the Ma-*

nagement

nagement of Hobbs *his* Leviathan? *Why ſhou'd* Shakeſpear, Johnſon, Beaumont, Fletcher, *that are no way Adequate to the profound Intellects of my preſent Atonement, be ranked above the Laborious, tho dull Statesmen.*

-----Sed Vaſtum Vaſtior Ipſe,
Suſtulit Ægydes, &c. *Ov. Metam.*

Thoſe ſeveral Malignant Aſſertions offered, a large and a compendious Reſolution ought to be maturely reſponded, eſpecially, when the Eclypſe of Matrimony is ſubterraneally trod down. As to the main Notion of Poligamy *obſconded under a* Cirtoot *of Imagination, We take it thus.* Alexander *was Great and Victorious in his Mediterranean Engagements of Hoſpitality. To the contrary,* Julian *the Apoſtate recites his own Benevolences in* ſemi Octavo *of Traditional Uſury: Which plainly denotes the firſt Egreſſion and the laſt Denotation. So that if we come to Modern Affairs, you will find that the Maſqued Middle Gallery, being by Command Superior, brought bare faced to the Pre-exiſtent Sparks conſtruction, more amuſes the Sunſhine Planet of his Scarlet Coat, than the beat of an* Iriſh *Drum to an* Eaſt India *Interloper. For what ſays* Terence (Paucis te Volo) *which manifeſtly denotes the condeſcending temper of the* Male, *and the diving Aſpect of the Female. Now if after ſo long a Concupiſcential Appetite the Novelty of Weeding is to be adjudg'd Ceremonicus, I leave to my Lord* Chief Juſtice *his Tipſtaff to examin, and make all even between the Pope and my Lord Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.

Pro-

PROLOGUE, *ſpoke by Mr.* Jevon.

HOW long is't ſince you ſaw I pray,
That ſtrange old faſhion'd thing call'd a New Play.
Or how long indeed d'ye think 'twill be
Before you taſte that long'd for Novelty?
You may ſet your hearts at reſt for this Age,
Union and Catcals have quite ſpoyl'd the Stage.
Time was the Poets could cock, look big, and cry,
Damn theſe ſawcy Players, let's all agree,
And ſtarve the Rogues, the Times friends turned be,
And I am turn'd Poet, there's a Farce d'ye ſee.
But now to my Geatheration *friends,* } *Points to ſome particular*
What quick return, or what conciſe amends, } *People in the Pit.*
Have you, my ever honour'd, ever dear,
Renowned, whiſtling Patrons made appear
To him that is your ſervant every where?
My Name's Mr Jevon, *I'm known far and near.*
But no more words in ſo much Company,
Satisfaction I muſt have and quickly;
Or Gad, I'le leave off writing directly.
Let me have a pledge of it now y'are here,
Or in your Balls you may forget I fear.
Be favourable to this ſame piece at hand,
And d'ye hear friends, don't, ſhall I, ſhall I ſtand.
If I in Pocket find you dive for Catcall,
I'le let down Curtain, I'le tell ye that all.
Catcalls well tuned might do well in Opera's,
They'd ſerve for Hoboys to fill up a Chorus.
Or in a French *Love Song, obſerve you now,*
A Cadmeus Pur Qua, Pur Qua, Mene Vou, [*Sings.*
Begar Monſieur, *it be* De *pretty* Whyne,
Ki La D'ance De Meneway, *Oh it be very fine.* [*Dances.*
Dances you have, and various here to night,
But they are Engliſh *all, all* Engliſh *quite.*
Throughout, Engliſh *Songs, Farce* Engliſh *too,*
That's French *Scene,*
All Nonſence without any more ado.
Kickſhaws like this ſerve for a Lenten *Diſh,*
If not for Fleſh, pray let it ſerve for Fiſh.
And ſince Pennance at this Time's in faſhion,
Come three Days for Mortification

The

The Actors Names.

MEN.

SIR *Rich. Lovemore*	An honest Country Gentleman beloved for good Old *Engl.* House-keeper.	Mr. *Gryffin.*
Rowland.	Sir *Richard*'s two Friends.	Mr. *Bowman.*
Longmore.		Mr. *Peryn.*
Butler.	Srvants to Sir *Richard.*	Mr. *Saunders.*
Cook.		Mr. *Percyval.*
Footman.		Mr. *Low.*
Coachman.		
The Ladies Father. *Of the old Strain: A Phanatick.*		Mr. *Norris.*
Noddy.	A Hypocritical Phanatick Parson, loves to eat and cant, Chaplain to my Lady *Lovemore.*	Mr. *Powel.*
Jobson.	A Psalm-singing Cobler, Tenant and Neighbour to Sir *Richard.*	Mr. *Jevon.*
Doctor.	A Magician.	Mr. *Freeman.*
Nyder.	Two Spirits.	
Abyshog.		
Countryman.		
Blind Fidler.		
Footboy.		

WOMEN.

LAdy *Lovemore.*	Wife to Sir *Richard.* A Proud Phanatick, always canting and brawling. A Perpetual Fixen and a Shrew, (a blessed Wife.	Mrs. *Cook.*
Jane.	Lady *Lovemore*'s Maids.	Mrs. *Price.*
Lettice.		Mrs. *Twyford.*
Nell.	*Jobson*'s Wife, a simple innocent Girl.	Mrs. *Percival.*

Tenants, Servants, Dancers, Singers, Wasselers.

The

THE Devil of a Wife, OR A Comical Transformation.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Jobſon *the Cobler, and* Nell *his Wife.*

Nell. GOOD Husband ſtay with me to Night, and make an end of the Holiday at home.

Jobſon. Peace, peace, and go Spin, for if I want any Thread for my ſtitching, I will puniſh you by virtue of my Sovereign Authority.

Nell. I warrant you: But you'l go to the Ale-houſe, ſpend your Money, and get drunk, and come home like *Old Nick*, and uſe one like a Dog.

Jobſon. How now Brazen Face, do you ſpeak ill of the *Government*? I am King in my own Houſe, and this is Treaſon againſt my Majeſty.

Nell. I don't underſtand your ſtuff, but prithee don't go to the Ale-houſe.

Jobſon. Well, then, I will not go to the Ale-houſe, I have made an Appointment with Sir *Richard Lovemore*'s Butler, and am to be Princely drunk in Punch at the *Hall Place*; we ſhall have a Bowl big enough to ſwim in.

Nell. O Lord Husband, the new Lady, they ſay, will not ſuffer a Stranger to come into her Houſe, ſhe grudges a draught of Small Beer, and ſeveral of this Town have come Home with broken Heads from her Ladiſhips own hands, for but ſmelling Strong Beer in her Houſe.

Jobſon. A Pox on her for a Fanatic Jade, ſhe has almoſt diſtracted the good Knight, but ſhe's abroad feaſting with her Relations, and will ſcarce come home to Night, and we are to have much Drink, a Fiddle and Gambals.

Nell. But her Fanatic Perſon will diſturb you.

Jobſon. If he does, we will toſs the Hippocrite in a Blanket, or kick the ſanctified Coxcomb to a Jelly.

Nell. O dear Husband let me go with you, we'll be as merry as the Night's long.

Jobſon. Why how now, you bold Bettreſs, what wou'd you be carried to a Company of Smooth-fac'd, Eating, Drinking, Lazy Serving-men; Rogues, whoſe Nouriſhment runs all into Letchery? No, you Jade I will be no Cuckold.

Nell. I'm ſure they would make me welcome, you promis'd me I ſhould ſee the Houſe: Sir *Richard* and the Family have not been there ſince you married and brought me to Town.

Jobſon. Why, thou audacious Strumpet, dar'ſt thou diſpute with me? go home and Spin, or elſe my Strap will wind about thy Ribs.

Jobſon Sings.

He that has the beſt Wife,
She's the Burthen of his Life,
But for her that will Scold and will Quarrel;
Let him cut her ſhort
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten times a day hoop her Barrel.

Nell. We poor women muſt be Slaves, and never have any joy, but you Men run and ramble, and take your Swing.

Jobſon. Why you moſt *Piſtilent Baggage*, will you be hoopt? Be gone.

Nell. Well, I muſt go.

Jobſon. Here, now I think of it, here's Six-pence for you, get Ale and Apples, ſtretch and puff thy ſelf up with Lambs-wooll, rejoyce and revel by thy ſelf, be drunk and wallow in thy own Stye, like a Sow as thou art.

Jobſon Sings *He that has a Wife*, &c. [*Exit* Nell *and* Job.

Enter

Enter Sir Richard Lovemore's *Butler, Cook, Serving-men, Chamber-maid, and other Women-Servants.*

Butler. I wou'd our blind Minſtrel and our dancing Neighbors were here, that we might rejoyce a little, while our Termagant *Lady* is abroad, I have made a moſt *Sovereign Bowl of Punch*, and I have a good hoard of *Wine* and *March Beer*.

Jane. We had need rejoyce ſometimes, but our deviliſh new *Lady* will never ſuffer it when ſhe knows it.

Butler. I will maintain it, there's more mirth in a *Gally*, than in our *Family*, our Maſter Sir *Richard* is the worthieſt Gentleman, nothing but goodneſs, Sweetneſs and Liberality.

Serv. Man. But here's a Houſe turn'd topſie turvy, from *Heaven* to *Hell*, ſince her coming hither.

Maid We are all alike, none of us can ſcape her Rage and Fury.

Jane. His former Lady is a *Saint* in *Heaven*, and lived ſo on *Earth*, all Mildneſs and Gentleneſs.

Butler. Ay, Reſt her Soul, ſhe was, but this is inſpired with a *Legion* of *Devils*, and one plaguy *Non-con-Parſon*, worſe than all, that makes her lay about her like a Fury.

Jane. I'm ſure I always feel her in my Bones, ſhe has an inſtrument of Correction made of Whale bone, and for fear I ſhould forget her good Uſage, ſhe refreſhes my Memory every quarter of an hour: If her Complexion don't pleaſe her, or ſhe look yellow in a morning, I am ſure to be laid on, and look black and blue for't.

Cook. Pox on her, when I carry up her Breakfaſt, I dare not come within reach of her, I have ſome ſix broken Heads already. A *Lady*, quoth a! a Shee Bear is a civiler Animal: ſhe has robb'd me of my Cunny Skins, my Kitchen-ſtuff, and all my Vails; and brought a damn'd eating godly Fellow with her, that ſcarce will be content with five Meals a day.

Butler. None of you have been uſed as I have.

Jane. That's becauſe none of us had a Spade-Beard of a Foot long.

Butler. I that have lived five and forty year in the Houſe, and had for twenty years preſerv'd a reverent Beard, which made me noted for Wiſdom and Diſcretion, through all the Country, and ſhe to demoliſh this poor Beard in an inſtant.

Cook. I beſeech you, by what means did ſhe depopulate and waſte your Fruitful Chin.

Butler. Why it was ruined by *Fire*, with her own curſed hands ſhe ſing'd it off; ſhe ſaid it always ſmelt of Brewis, and was a Spunge that ſoak'd up more *March Beer* in a month than any ſix

the ableſt Drunkards in the hundred could in a year: I ſav'd nothing but this ſame one Sprig that grew upon a Wart, and that by my Nail.

Jane. What pity 'twas to loſe ſuch an emblem of Gravity and Wiſdom.

Butler. Ay, I am become a ſhame to my Neighbours and dare not ſhow my Chin before 'em: Oh that Beard, that poor Beard, what Authority it had amongſt 'em! I had e'ne as live ſhe had gelt me.

Serv. Man. I believe thou had'ſt, thy Beard was of as much uſe as any Implement about thee.

Jane. Methoughts he look'd like one of the old Patriarchs in the the *Arras*, I have ſeen an old *Eaſtern King* in a Mortlack hanging very much reſembling his Phiſnomy.

Butler. Oh Mrs *Jane* you do my poor Beard too much honour, but farewel dear Beard, I ſhall never ſee the like of Thee.

Cook. No a man may as well hope to have two crops of Oak Timber from the ſame place, as two ſuch Beards from one Chin in an Age.

Maid. Piſh, what hurt does the loſs of a Beard do? I was making a Shift for her, and ſhe did not like my Lacing it down? ſhe turns the wrong end of her fan, ſtrikes me on the Mouth ſo hard, that ſhe beat out two of my Butter Teeth: A ſhame on her light Fingers.

Jane. She makes the Coach man chain the Footmen to Poſts, whip 'em with Dog whips, and ſtands by to ſee the Execution

Butler. Heaven have mercy upon my poor Maſter, this deviliſh Termagant Scolding Religious Woman will be the death of him, I never ſaw a man ſo altered all the days of my Life.

Cook. There's a perpetual motion in that Tongue of hers, and a damn'd ſhrill Pipe enough to break the Drum of a man's Ear, I wonder my Maſter does not kick her and her Parſon out of doors.

Butler. Her Parſon, her Weaver; I believe he never had any Orders, but an inward motion from his Stomach, which inclines him to eat more than a Wolf, and this motion is an inward Call.

Noddy. (within) Why, Cook *John*, Cook, where art thou?

Cook. I'm here, this his outward Call, now is he almoſt famiſht for his ſecond Afternoons Luncheon.

Noddy. Why, *John*, why doſt thou neglect me? my Spirits are exhaled, evaporated in Study and Labour; I feel as it were a ſtrange kind of emptifulneſs, I have not eat this two hours.

Butler. A Pox on him, ſet him faſt by the Teeth, or elſe he'll diſturb us.

Cook.

Cook. I have a couple of cold Chickens, some *Westphalia* Bacon, and *Christmas* Pyes.

Nod. For your *Christmas* Pyes I defie them, they are abominable, Scandalous, and Idolatrous, they savour of *Rome*, they are so many Fortifications wherein the Whore of *Babylon* intrenches herself, I will down with them, I will beat them down, my Zeal will not suffer such *Popery* in this House; ye are my Flock, I will see that that Wolf the Whore does not prey upon you and devour you: down, down I say with all her Outworks and High places, her Superstitious and Idolatrous structures and Buildings, whether in Minc'd Pyes or otherwise: Your *Christmas* is an Idol, a very Idol truly, have I not seen him in a Profane Mask, in the Habit of an old Man with a long spade Beard, and the deluded Rout have worshipped and fallen down before him? your Bagpipes are as Pagan Organs, and your Wasselers lewd and filthy Choristers unto *Satan*, I may not bear these Rags of the Smock of that Scarlet Whore, my Spirit rises, my Zeal boileth and bubleth up as it were within me, I am transported with a holy Fury: But do you hear *John* Cook send up those Chickens.

Cook. What both?

Noddy Yea both, with some *Westphalia Bacon*, and, do you hear, *John*? *a Tart*; and you Mr. *Chipp*, let me have a Bottle of *Sack*, a Bottle of *Ale*, and a Bottle of *March Beer*, by help of this refreshment, I shall be able to hold out till *Supper*. Fare ye well tell that time. [*Ex. with* Cook *and* Butler.

Jane. What shall we do with this base sniveling Hypocrite? he'll spoil our merry meeting.

Serv. Man. I'll warrant you 'tis but putting out the Candles, and we'll make him weary of his Canting, when e're he comes among us.

Re-Enter *Butler* and *Cook.*

Butler. So, his Provision's gone up.

Cook He's fast by the Teeth for one hour.

Enter the Blind Fiddler, Jobson, *and others, Men and Women, and Neighbors.*

Butler. Oh welcome, welcome, here's to our wish, the Minstrel and our Nighbor! Oh old Acquaintance, Goodman *Jobson*, how dost thou?

Jobson. By my troth, I am sharp set towards the Punch, and am now come with a firm Resolution, tho' a poor Cobler, to be as drunk as a Lord; I am a true English heart, and look upon Drunkenness.

Drunkenneſs as the beſt part of the Liberty of the Subject.

Jane. Why did you not bring your Wife with you?

Jobſon. Becauſe here are Waggs, young Rogues, and a Man may be a Cuckold before the Kings health can go round.

Butler. *Jobſon*, we'll have a Catch, ſtrike up Blind *Will*: Ah, *Jobſon*, I have heard thee out-ſing the Lark or Nightingale, thou art heard above all the Church, let there be never ſo many Voices, thine will ſtill be predominant.

Cook. Ay, and he holds out the Note of one Verſe, till the Clark begins to ſing the next, he has a pure wind.

Jobſon. Ay, I'm pretty good at a *Pſalm*: have ſome reaſon for it, I have ſtitcht Soles this thirty years to thoſe *Pſalms* you ſpake of.

Butler. Come let us fetch out our Bowl of Punch in ſolemn Proceſſion. Now let us have a Catch in honour of Punch.

They bring out the Bowl of Punch, ſinging a Catch and dancing about it, after which they ſit down and drink.

I.

While you court a damn'd Vintner for ſuch naſty Liquor,
As worſe was ne're ſwallowed by dull Country Vicar,
And the inſolent Raſcal will draw what he pleaſes,
While Boys you may kick 'em, when Maſters y'intreat 'em,
And from Drawers you up into Alderman beat 'em?
But they get your Money, and you get Diſeaſes.

II.

Stum, Brimſtone, Lime, Arſnic, fond Drunkards bewitch,
While the villanous Hoſt not content to be Rich,
By Brewing and Poyſon ſells that by falſe meaſure,
No Liquor like Punch gives delight to the Soul,
When we drown all our Cares i'th' bottom o'th' Bowl,
Sincere are our Joys, and immortal our Pleaſure.

III.

We brew for our ſelves, and we know each Ingredient,
As well for our Health as our Mirth is expedient,
And whoever drinks Punch ſhall live merry and long,
It ſpurs up Jade Nature, and quickens the Blood,
Which if it finds bad, it ne're fails to leave good?
And while we drink Punch, we ſhall ever be young.

Cook.

Cook. And after that, I'le bring up the Rear with a ſwinging Turkey-Pye, and a mighty Gammon, beſides much Pyes, and other Appurtenances belonging to our Office.

Cutler. Here's our Maſter's Health in a Bumper: *Huzzah.*

Cook. Our Lady's Confuſion in another. *Huzzah.*

Enter Noddy, *knawing the Leg of a Chicken*

Noddy. What meaneth this Lewd, Profane, and Babyloniſh noiſe yè Popiſh Locuſt, ye Idolatrous Vipers, this ſanctified place is become a Den of wicked ones. Thou blind miſleader of the blind with thy Lewd Anti-Chriſtian Squeaks, avant, avant, I ſay *Belzebub*, avant. *He kicks and beats the blind Fiddler They put out the Candles, and toſs* Noddy *one from another, and beat him.*

Hold, hold, what do ye mean?

Ye Sons of *Darkneſs* I defy you.

I can ſuffer for the truth, I am a witneſs.

Butler. Blind him and gag him.

Cook. Bind him hand and foot.

Noddy. I will flee away from further *Perſecution*, *Vipers* my Lady will come, ſhe will to your Confuſion.

Serv. Man. And as you like this do you come again.

Butler. A Pox on him; to our buſineſs now he is gone. The King and all the Royal Family in a Bumper. *Huzzah.*

[Noddy *ſteals out, they light the Candles.*

Cook. Are you ready for your *Collation*?

Jane. No, no, we'll have about at Blindmans buff, and a Dance firſt.

Jobſon. Ay, ay, come I'm old Dog at that, blind me, perhaps I'm as great a Maſter at Blindmans-buff as any one in *Europe*, no diſpraiſe to any man. [*They blind him and dance a dance.*

Enter Sir Richard Lovemore *and my Lady.*

Lady. O Heaven and Earth! what's here within my Houſe! is Hell broke looſe! what Troops of Friends is here, ſirrah you impudent Raſcal?

Sir *Richard.* My dear be patient 'tis *Chriſtmas*, a time of Mirth, of Jollity, it has always been the Cuſtom of my Houſe to give my Servants Liberty in this Seaſon, and all my Country Neighbours uſed to meet, and with their innocent Sports divert themſelves.

Lady. Prithee hold thy prating, meddle with thy own matters, can't I tell how to govern my own houſe without your putting in an Oar? ſhall I ask you leave to correct my own Servants?

Sir *Richard.* Good Lady I thought this had been my houſe, and thoſe my Servants, and thoſe my Tenants.

Lady.

Lady. Did I bring a Fortune to be thus abus'd, and ſnub'd before my *Servants*, do you call my Authority in queſtion you inhumane *Monſter*? Look you to your Dogs, your Kites and filthy Cattle, your Faulconers, Huntſmen, and your naſty Grooms abroad, I'll make you know 'tis my *Province* to govern here, nor will I be controul'd by e're a Hunting, Hawking, unthinking Knight in *Chriſtendom.*

Sir Richard. A Pox upon all Fools that ſhall marry for money, I am married to a continual Tempeſt, Strife and Noiſe Canting and Hypocriſie are the daily Portion I have with her; but I'll not bear this long, if I by force oppoſe her, ſhe falls into fits, and raves worſe than any one in *Bedlam.*

Lady. You ſtinking Scoundrels, and you filthy Jades, I'll teach you to Junkit thus and ſteal my *Proviſion*, I ſhall be devoured by you.

Butler. I thought *Madam* we might be merry once upon a *Holiday.*

Lady. Holiday, you Popiſh Curr, is one day more *Holy* than another? and if it be you'll be drunk upon't, you Rogue, that by your late demoliſh'd Beard, thought your ſelf an *Example* to the Family, is this your Example? [*She beats him o're the Head.* Come you Minx, you impudent Flurt are your gigging after an abominable Fiddle? all Dancing is whoriſh, Huſwife.

[Jane *is ſneeking to get away, ſhe catches her and lugs her.*

Jane. O murder, murder, ſhe has pull'd off both my Ears.

Sir Rich. Madam, for ſhame, remember your Sex and Quality.

Lady. Remember your own fools head, ſhall you inſtruct me?

Enter Noddy.

Nondy. Madam, I rejoyce that your *Ladyſhip* is return'd.

Lady. Oh good and holy Man, how came my Family, in my abſence thus Debauch'd, Drunken, Profane and Superſtitious.

Noddy When my Ears were firſt offended with theſe lewd Noiſes, I came down grieved in Spirit, and rebuked them, commanding them to ſurceaſe from theſe Superſtitious and Idolatrous Rites which they ſacrifice to that Idol, that beaſtly Idol old Father *Chriſtmas*; and while my Spirit was full of *Godly Chaſtiſement* they did extinguiſh the Lights, ſurrounded and hemm'd me in, and theſe Inſtruments of *Satan* did buffet me even unto great anguiſh, and I am ſore bruiſed in *Body.*

Lady Alack, good man! Oh ye Spawn of *Belial*, the Fry of the bottomleſs Pit, how now ſirrah, who are you in the bumble you Buzzard? [*To* Jobſon. [*She takes the Parſons Cane, and beats all the Company*, Jobſon *is ſtealing by.* *Jobſon.*

Jobſon. I am an honeſt Pſalm-ſinging Cobler, Madam; if your Ladyſhip would go to Church, you wou'd hear me above 'em all there.

Lady. I'll try thy Voice now. [*She ſtrikes him o're the Pate.*

Jobſon. Nounz, what a Pox, what a Devil ails you?

Lady. O profane Wretch, wicked Varlet.

Noddy. Thou Son of the old *Serpent*, avaunt thou Frog of the Lake of Darkneſs.

Jobſon. Avaunt thou Coxcombly Son of a Whore of the New Light.

Noddy. Be gone, Avaunt, Be gone from within theſe Walls.

[*They juſtle one another.*

Jobſon. What, will you wreſtle a Fall with me? Come on. Take that luſty Lug you Rogue of a Saint, with a pound of Ear on each ſide. [Jobſon *gives* Noddy *a Fall, and lugs him by the Ears.*

Lady. Impudent Villain, has he not hurt the Good Man?

Noddy. He hath very much diſordered my two Ears, and bruis'd me exceedingly.

Sir Richard. You deſerve it for a meddling Coxcomb, go to your Book you ignorant Fop, and read, and rely more upon good Senſe, and leſs upon your new Light.

Lady. Oh wicked vile Wretch, was ever poor Lady ſo miſerable, ſo horridly miſerable in a Brute to her Husband as I am, I that am ſo Pious, ſo Good and Religious a Woman?

Noddy. She is an holy, a ſanctified Veſſel truly.

[Jobſon *peeps in and ſings.*

Jobſon Sings. *He that has the beſt Wife,*
She's the Burthen of, &c.
And ſome ten times a day hoop her Barrel.

Lady. O Rogue, Scoundrel, Villain.

Sir Richard. Remember *Modeſty.*

Lady. Are you gone, Sirrah? I'll rout the reſt of you: I'll ſpoil your ſqueaking Treble.

She lays about her, they all run, ſhe breaks the blind Fiddlers Fiddle about his head.

Fiddler. O Murder, Murder! I am a dark Man, which way ſhall I get hence? Oh Heaven! She has broken my Fiddle, and undone me, my Wife and Children.

Sir Richard. Here, poor Fellow, come this way, take your Staff, there,

there, there's Money to buy two ſuch Fiddles; go, there's your way.

Fiddler. Heaven preſerve your *Worſhip*, bleſs you ſweet *Maſter*, here's a Change indeed, little did I think to live to find ſuch Doings at this Hall-place.

Two Waſſalers come to the Door ſinging a Waſſal Song.

Lady. You are very Liberal, muſt my Eſtate maintain you in your Profuſeneſs?

Sir Richard. Go up to your Cloſet pray, and compoſe your mind.

Lady. Oh wicked Fellow, to bid me pray.

Sir Richard. A Man cannot be compleatly curs'd without a Wedding; but there is ſuch a thing as ſeparate Maintenance, and a Joynter Houſe, which ſhe to morrow ſhall try, by the help of *Heaven*, I will no longer bear this Nuſance in my houſe. Here, where are my Servants, what muſt they be frighted from me? within there, *Chipp*, come here and ſee who knocks there.

[*A knocking at the Door.*

Lady. Within there, where are my Sluts, ye Drabs, ye Queans: Lights there.

[*Enter Boy with a Candle.*

[*Two Maids come ſneaking in with Candles.*

Enter Butler *again.*

Butler. Sir it is a Doctor that lives ten mile off with his man, he practiſes Phyſick, and is an Aſtronomer and a Cunning man, your worſhip knows him, he can make Almanacks, and help men to their Goods again.

Enter Doctor and his Man.

Doctor. Sir I am benighted, 'tis ſo dark I cannot ſee my hand, I cannot poſſibly reach home, and therefore knowing the Bounty of your Worſhips Hoſpitallity, I deſire the favour to be harbour'd under your Roof this night.

Lady. Out of my houſe you lewd *Conjurer*, you *Witch*, you *Magician.*

Noddy. Avant thou inſtrument of *Satan*, I defie thee and all thy Works, thou wicked Sorcerer avant.

Lady. If you ſtay in my houſe, you ſhall be worſe uſed here, than your Predeceſſor Dr. *Lamb* was in the City.

Doct. Here's a turn, here's a change, which if I have any Art ſhe ſhall ſmart for.

Sir Richard. You ſee Friend the Caſe is altered with me, I am not Maſter of my Houſe, but e're to morrow this time I'll be Monarch here: go down the Lane friend, and about half a Quarter

of

of a mile off, you'l ſee a Coblers houſe, ſtay there ſome little time, and I'll ſend my Man that ſhall conduct you to a Tenants houſe, who ſhall take care of you.

Doctor. Thanks good Sir, I'm your humble Servant, but you *Noncon* with your furious ſhe Diſciple there, ſhall have ſome proofs of my Magick Art this Night. [*Ex. Dr. and his Man.*

Sir Richard Come Lady you and I muſt have ſome Conference.

Lady. Yes I will have a Conference and Reformation too in this houſe, or elſe I'll turn thee inſide outwards.

[*Ex. Sir* Richard *and Lady.*

Noddy. My mind miſgives me, theſe *Varlets* have left ſome good thing in the Bowl there; but hold, is it not a *Waſſaling* Superſtitious Spice Bowl, let me ſee, hah! it is very comfortable and edifieth, there's a huge Iſland of Toaſt Nutmeg and Sugar, I will attack it, it is chearing, I have a Paper with ſome Parmazan in my pocket, which will eat very well with it, this is alſo a pleaſing Liquor, I will drink plentifully of it and eat Toaſt exceedingly: ah my Spirits are cheared as it were, and are excited unto Joy and Gladneſs.

Enter Butler *and* Cook.

Cook. Oh that ſweet-tooth'd Lickeriſh Hipocrite, who is always eating, and looks as if he had never eaten.

Butler. His meat does himſelf no more good, than his Doctrine does others; ſtand cloſe, you'l ſee him devour that Punch-Toaſt, he'l never be contented without all in the Bowl.

Cook. It will diſguiſe him moſt wickedly; and make him as drunk as one of the Profane.

Noddy. It doth begin to invade my upper Region, my *Pericranium* doth ſeem to be ſomewhat inclined unto Giddineſs, hah the Room appeareth to turn round.

[*He hekops, belches and ſneezes, and is drunk.*

Butler. He is overtaken.

Cook. 'Tis a very ſeaſonable time, I'm juſt going to knock to Supper, and my Lady won't eat without his grace.

Butler. Go quickly, he's in a ſweet Pickle for a Grace of a quarter of an hour long as he uſed to make 'em.

[*The Cook knocks up to Supper within, it goes up.*

Noddy. Where am I? am I in the Buttery of my own Cloſet; a moſt excellent Spice I'll promiſe you.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Where are you Mr. *Noddy*? Supper is on the Table, and my Lady ſtays for your Grace.

Noddy. Is it Supper time ſay you, now I think of it I begin to be hungry.

Butler. Pray Sir make haſte, my Lady ſtays for you?

Noddy. What is the matter with me? I think my Feet are aſleep, I cannot uſe them, my Eyes are ſomewhat dim too, which is the way?

Butler. Ay the Rogue hears my Maſter intends to turn over a new Leaf, and he has a mind to wind about, but this ſhan't ſerve his turn, he's a *Fanatick* Rogue ſtill.

[Noddy *ſtaggers, they lead him out.* [*Ex. omnes.*

Scene the Coblers Houſe, Nell, *the Dr. and his Man.*

Nell. Pray Sir mend your Draught if you pleaſe, you are very welcom Sir.

Doct. Thank you heartily good woman, come I'll give you ſome requital, I'll tell you your fortune.

Nell. Oh! Pray do Sir, I never had my Fortune told me in my Life.

Doct. Let me behold the Lines of your Face?

Nell. I'm afraid 'tis none of the cleaneſt Sir, I have been about dirty work Sir all this day.

Doct. Come, 'tis a good Face, be not aſham'd of it; you ſhall ſhew it in greater places ſuddenly.

Nell. Oh dear, I Sir? I ſhall be aſham'd mightily, I want Dacity when I come before great Folks.

Doct. You muſt be confident I charge you, and fear nothing, there is much happineſs attends you.

Nell. Oh me, this is a rare man Heaven be thanked.

Doct. To morrow before Sun Riſe you ſhall be the happieſt Woman in this County.

Nell. How, by to morrow? Alack a day, how can this be?

Doct. No more ſhall you be troubled with a Surly Husband that ſhall rail, call you names and ſtrap you.

Nell. Lord how came he to know that? he has a Familiar: indeed my Husband is ſomewhat rugged, and in his Cups will beat me, but it is not much. He's an honeſt painful man and I let him have his way, pray Sir take the other Cup of Ale.

Doct. Thank you, to morrow you ſhall be the richeſt Woman in the Hundred, and ride in your own Coach.

Nell. O Father now you jeer me.

Doct. By *Heaven* I do not, but mark my words, be confident and bear all out, or worſe will follow.

Enter

Enter Jobſon.

Jobſon. Where is this *Quean*: here *Nell*, what a Pox are you drunk with your Lambs-wooll.

Nell. Oh Husband! here's the rareſt man, he has told me my Fortune.

Jobſon. Pox on you, and has plainted my Fortune too, a luſty pair of horns upon my head, has he?

Doct. Thy Wife's a vertuous Woman, and thoul't be happy.

Jobſon. Come out, ye hang Dogs, ye Jugglers, ye cheating Villains; muſt I be Cuckolded by ſuch Rogues as you are, *Mackmaticians*, and *Almanack*-makers.

Nell. Prithee peace Husband, we ſhall be rich, and have a Coach of our own.

Jobſon. A Coach! a Cart, a Wheel-Barrow you Jade, by th' mackin She's drunk, bloody drunk, get you to bed you Strumpet.

He beats her.

Nell. Oh mercy on us, is this a taſte of my good Fortune?

Doct. You had better not have touch'd her you ſurly Rogue.

Jobſ. Out of my houſe you Rogues, or I'll run my Nall up to the handle in your Buttocks.

Doct. Farewel you Paltry Slave.

Jobſon. Get you out you Rogues.

[*Scene changes to the open Country.*

[*She ſhuts the door and goes in.*

Doct. What? Hoh my Spirits, *Nadir* and *Abiſhog*, hoh?

Enter Nadir *and* Abiſhog *flying down.*

Nadir. *Abiſhog.* } Here, we're here.

Doctor. Præſto, *all my Charms attend:*
E're this night ſhall have an end,
You ſhall this Cobler's Wife transform;
And to the Knight the like perform
This bed the Coblers Wife I'll charm
The Knight's into the Cobler's Arm;
Let the Deluſion be ſo ſtrong,
That none ſhall know the right from wrong.
The Non-con Parſon ſo afright,
That he may ever Rue this Night;
Scare him from his little Wits,
And his Hypocritick Fits.

Nadir.

Nadir. } *All this, this Night we will perform,*
Abiſhog. } *In a Whirl wind, in a Storm.*
In Lightning and in Thunder.

Doctor. *Fly,*
And muſter all the Clouds i'th' Sky;
Attend me till the Dawn of Day,
And then you may go ſport and play.

Hold, here comes *Sir Richard*'s Man: he'll guide us to our Lodging, let us meet him; to Horſe. [*Exit Omnes.*

Scene Sir Richard's *Houſe, the Dining Room, Sir* Richard, *Mr.* Rowland, *Mr.* Longmore.

Sir Richard. Well my dear Friends tho you have found my Houſe in ſome diſorder, I cannot but rejoyce to ſee you, the ſight of Friends will lighten great afflictions

Rowl. Some years have paſt ſince we have been merry together.

Long. We have not met theſe 5 years: Marriage, Travel, Buſineſs, and your Retirement, Sir *Richard* have thus ſeparated us.

Sir Rich. Us that for ſeveral years, of pleaſant Frolique Youth were ne're aſunder.

Rowl. I call methinks a pleaſant Seaſon back, here's a brimmer to our old Acquaintance.

Sir Rich. About with it.

Long But now 'tis late, we keep you out of Bed from your new Wife.

Sir Rich. A Wife! Oh Friends take warning, marry not, I ſay, do not marry.

Rowl Why? you have a handſome Lady and a rich one.

Sir Rich Oh Gentlemen, I would be glad to have the Witch of *Endor*, were ſhe alive inſtead of her, I am link'd to an Amaxonian Devil, ſuch a *Thalectris*, ſuch a perpetual Fixen, and a ſhrew, ſuch a Tongue, that 'twould be a bleſſing to be lodged in *London*, with a Silver-ſmith under me, a Brazier over head, a Trunk-maker and a Pewterer on either ſide of me, and all of 'em induſtrious Rogues to boot; a bleſſing I ſay in Compariſon of her continual Clamour, all thoſe Noiſes in concort are ſoft and gentle harmony to her own ſingle Voice.

Long Methought ſhe looked ſomewhat proudly, her Countenance between Scorn and Anger.

Sir Rich She wiſh'd crooked Pins in every bit of meet you eat, and poyſon in every Glaſs of Wine you ſwallowed.

Rowl.

Rowl. Say you ſo, 'tis time for us to leave you then.

Sir Rich. No fear not, this Night is the laſt of her ſhort Reign, I have ſent for her Father to dine with me to morrow, and after dinner I will pack her away with her ſeparate maintenance, and then we'll ſpend the *Chriſtmas* in Freedom, Mirth and Jollity, and I am overjoyed you are here to be Witneſſes to my Proceedings.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Sir, my Lady commanded me to tell you, ſhe'l rout you and your Lewd Companions, if you come not away preſently, I hope you'l pardon me. *Exit* Jane.

Sir Rich. Tell her I come, I am ſent for. But here's the other Brimmer to my Deliverance.

Long. Away with it.

Sir Richard. I lay my whole misfortune now before you, I have not only married an Indefatigable Scold, but a Phanatick into bargain; nay I have married her *Chaplain* too, who was, I take it, a Weaver, and ordain'd himſelf by vertue of outward *Grace*, and inward *Knavery*; have a care I warn you of a *Bigot* or *Zealous* woman, for be ſhe never ſo wicked, ſhe will be always ſo full of ſpiritual *Pride*, She'll think you a Limb of *Satan*.

Rowl. 'Tis a juſt obſervation.

Long. And for a *Chaplain*, I would as ſoon have a *Ruffian* in my Houſe, for he muſt Govern or the Wife will Rage.

Sir Rich. Right: Then, my Friends, I conjure ye have a care of ſeparate maintenance; a damn'd invention to make Whores and curſed Wives as bad, I wou'd not marry the Queen of *Sheba* were ſhe alive upon thoſe Conditions.

Rowl. All this daily Experience tells us.

Sir Rich. A Curſe of an Owl that muſt try and would not truſt Experience; but at his own coſt: another Point is, for I am bound in Charity to warn you, have a care of an ill born or ill bred Woman, there is as much in the Strain, as in *Horſes* or *Dogs*, we all take after our kind.

Long. You are in the Right of it, I have not heard a better *Preaching*.

Sir Rich. And for breeding, though almoſt all Women are Fools, yet thoſe that are well bred, by the help of that will behave themſelves with ſome *Diſcretion* and Good manners at leaſt, and now in what a Caſe am I that am under all theſe Curſes which I warn you from? how irkſome muſt it be to me, who with my

firſt

firſt dear Wife, that Saint in *Heaven*, had all the happineſs that man on Earth was capable of?

Rowl. 'Tis hard, but like to be as ſhort.

Sir Richard. One more to the memory of my former Wife, a Brimmer to help to drown my ſorrow for this.

Long. Let it go round: we knew her.

Rowl. She deſerved all honour.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Now ſhame upon you and your filthy Companions, I'll make your Glaſſes and your Bottles fly; and that lewd Miniſter of your Debauchery, your *Butler*, I'll rout him, for not bringing me the Key of the Cellar, a Raſcal. [Sir Rich: *Whiſtles. Enter Servants.*

Rowl. Your Pardon, we are going.

Lady. Going? Yes, to make one another drunk, and ſot all Night about it, ye may be aſhamed ye Beaſts, why do I call you Beaſts? Beaſts ſcorn to be drunk like you.

Sir Richard. This Gentlemen is my ſweet Lady.

Lady. Gentlemen! Your fellow Sots, your guzling Drunkards, get yet to bed ye Spunges.

Sir Richard. Light the Gentlemen; your Fires are ready: you ſee I am under Correction ſweet Princeſs.

If you in one, would ſum up every Curſe,
Take ſuch a Spouſe for better and for worſe.

ACT the Second.

Butler, Cook, Serving-Man diſguis'd.

Butler. WE have had a hard Tug to give theſe Gentlemens men their Bellies full.

Cook. But at laſt we have ſous'd 'em quickly up to ſome Tune.

Serv. Man. I am bouzy and right for miſchief; let's execute our deſign upon Nor-con.

Butler. Have at him; are your Jack chains and humming Tops ready?

Serv. Man: They are, I have 'em here, he muſt be drunk with a Pox to him, and could not ſay Grace.

Butler.

But. A curſe on him, he ſtaggered againſt my Side-Table, and brake twenty ſhillings worth of Flint Glaſſes And though we all depoſed againſt his Drunkenneſs, our pious Lady called us perjur'd Rogues, and ſaid he had eaten ſomething that did not agree with him.

Serv. Man. And when we could not get him to himſelf, my Lady ſaid it was an *Apoplexy.*

Cook. Ay, and made me heat a Frying-pan red hot, to hold over his Pate; from which ſhe had made the hair be ſhav'd off.

Serv. Man. Nay, ſhe has imploy'd all her skill in Phyſic upon him. ſhe has laid a huge Cauſtick plaiſter between his Neck and Shoulders to raiſe bliſters, which will make him roar before morning.

Cook. His head s all raw with the ſingeing, if he had not begun to roar, I believe ſhe would have carbonado'd him, for his *Apoplectick* Drunkenneſs.

But. What ſport it will be when he wakes! he'll wonder what the Devil they have done to him, he'll be plaguy ſore.

Cook. Now he has almoſt ſlept out his firſt ſleep, he'll wake half ſober, deviliſh ſick, and in pain, and 'twill be a fit time to begin our perſecution upon him.

But. I am afraid we ſhall make him diſtracted with the fright.

Cook. If we make him mad he may get ſome wit by the bargain, he's now ſo dull a Rogue that any alteration would be for the beſt.

But Come put on the ſhapes.

Serv. Man. Here, the *Dogs* will fit me, *John Cook*, ſhall be the Bear, and you ſhall repreſent great *Belzebub* himſelf.

But. Agreed, hang on your Chains, liſt how the Rogue ſnorts like a Sackbut, let's withdraw into our Tyring Room, and then enter.

The Scene opens and diſcovers Noddy *in bed, and they Enter.*

Noddy. Mr *Chip*, why *Butler Chip*, I ſay ſome ſmall Beer, give me an Ocean of ſmall Beer, I will ſwim in ſmall Beer.

But. He's between ſleeping and waking, now to your work.

Nod. Mercy on me where have I been? I am all on fire, and my head all burnt, is the Bed or the Room on fire? fire, fire, fire, hah Heaven what noiſe is that! hah it is *Satan* verily, what *Fiends* are thoſe in Chains? Oh *Faith*, *Faith*! where art thou? I am frail, frail, even as one of the wicked. Oh! mercy, mercy, how I diſſolve, who are ye, in the name of Heaven? ſpeak, what will they do? will they fetch me from

They ſet the humming Tops a going then rattle their Chains.

hence? Oh *Satan*! ſweet *Satan*, dear *Satan*, ſpare me, thou miſtakeſt me, tempt me not, I am not Righteous, I am wicked, yea even as one of the Profane, I am an Hypocrite truly, a zealous Hypocrite verily: Oh ſpare me, oh! oh! ſweet *Satan*, dear *Satan* ſpare me. [*He holds 'em with all his ſtrength and roars.*

They pull all the Cloths off the Bed.

[*They ceaſe a while.*]

Butl. This is enough in the dark, now let him behold ye?

Noddy. Oh, oh, I conceive there is a Light now in the Room, let me ſee if I dare open my Eyes: Oh Heaven what *Fiend* is this comes to me? it is like a Dog, oh! oh! I conjure thee, *Fiend*! ſay what thou art; in the Name of Heaven if thou beeſt a Dog ſpeak, oh, oh, what's here a Bear? avaunt, avaunt, O good *Satan* forbear, oh what's here the Chief Devil! I dare not ſee any more, oh ſweet *Belzebub*, ſpare me, mercy good *Satan*.

He brings in a Light.

The Serving Man in his Dogs ſhape creeps to the bed.

{ *The Cook lyes down on the Bed like a Bear*, Noddy *roars yet louder, and ſhrinks under the Cloths and ſpeaks.*

Butler. Art thou a true ſear'd Hypocrite?

Noddy. Yea I am, I am.

Butler. Falſely zealous, and truly ſeditious?

Noddy. Oh, oh, I, I am Sir

Butler. Moſt immoderately given to thy Gut?

Noddy. Yes, yes, my great delight is in *Creature* comforts.

Butler. The chief motive to thy *Zeal*, thoſe Creature comforts, thou get'ſt by thy *Hypocriſie*?

Noddy. Oh, oh, yes verily.

Butler. By this thou haſt committed Carnality with Elders Wives and Daughters, and haſt been much given to *Concupiſcence*.

Noddy. 'Tis true, moſt exceedingly.

Butler. You uſe not Copulation with the wicked, for fear of Scandal?

Noddy. No, I engender only with the Righteous: Good Sir, have done, I am half diſſolv'd.

Butler. By this thou get'ſt thy ſelf made *Executor* and *Truſtee*.

Noddy. Oh yes, it is the Chief end of my Profeſſion to prey on Orphans.

Butler. Oh Rogue! ha what a dreadful Thunder Clap was that.

[*It Thunders and Lightens.*

Serv. Man. What a ſtorm is this ariſing ?

[*Serv. and Cook come from the Bed.*

Cook. Gods body what a Clap was there : it ſhook the Houſe.

Serv. Man. Come let us be gone, we have tormented him enough.

Cook. No, no, this will help us better to affright him.

Butler. The Rogue ſhall no longer rail at auricular *Confeſſion*, who has confeſſed as he thinks to the Devil.

} Nadir *riſes with a great Thunder Clap and Appeareth to them.*

Noddy. Oh ! I am almoſt dead, ſure the *Fiends* are gone, and have carried this end of the Building with them at that laſt Clap.

[*He is preparing ſome Toads on a Plate.*

Butler. Come, come, to'ther bout.

Nadir Ah come, come. [Nadir *Riſes.*

Cook. Hah *Tom* ! what's this ? we are four now.

Serv. Man. Why *Ned* ? we were but three, ha ! one, two, three, four.

Butler. Ha *John* ! what's the meaning of this ? who is this ?

Cook. Nay, what a Pox know I ? I am ſure we were but three, we are increaſed one in Number.

Ser. Foh, what a ſtink of Brimſtone's here.

} *The Spirit is placing a Toad upon a Plate, the Spirit goes to* Noddy, *he eats a Toad, and on his Fork preſents* Noddy *with another.*

Butler. Let me ſee, what is he a doing ?

Noddy. There is ſilence, now let me peep out. Oh Heaven !

Nadir. Here Parſon eat this Toad, here will you eat this Toad ?

Butler. Oh Heaven what's this ! my Hair begins to ſtands on End.

Nadir. Eat this Toad I ſay.

Noddy. Oh, no good *Satan*, I hate a Toad, it is too like Fiſh, and I cou'd never endure Fiſh becauſe the Papiſts eat ſo much.

Nadir. Who will eat a Toad?

} Nadir *turns him to the Company, Fire flaſhes about him.*

Butler.
Cook.
Serv. Man. } Oh the devil, the devil, oh, oh,

{ *They run roaring out, and* Noddy *roars, the Scene ſhuts upon the Bed.*

Cook, Butler, Serv. Man Re-enter.

Butler. Help, help.

Cook. The Devil, the Devil.

Serv. Man. If ever I fright any Body again, may I ſuffer the *Strapado.*

Enter Sir Richard *with a Candle, and his Sword drawn.*

Sir Rich. What noiſes are theſe? here are Thieves in my Houſe; what, ho where are my Servants?

Butler. Here Sir, we are got up, there have been moſt horrible diſturbances in the Parſons Chamber, he roars like a furious Bull with the Dogs about him, liſten.

Noddy. The Devil, the Devil: murder, help, help.

Sir Rich. Hang him, the Rogue's drunk ſtill, is it he that has diſturbed the houſe?

Noddy *comes running in roaring with a Blanket about him.*

Noddy. Oh the Devil, the Devil, avoid thou Tempter.

Enter haſtily Rowland *and* Longmore, *with their Swords drawn, with a Light.*

Rowl. What's the matter here?

Long. Oh Sir *Richard*, we have been ſo diſturbed with Noiſes, we thought ſome Rogues had got into your houſe, and were committing a Robbery.

Sir Rich. It's nothing but a drunken Zealot, that has been troubleſome in his Cups, and he has diſturb'd the houſe.

Noddy. Drunk! I defy thee and thy works.

Long. Ha, what Apparition is that?

Butl. Apparition, where where?

Sir Rich. I ſhall ſoon make your Apparition vaniſh.

Noddy. I have ſeen a Viſion this Night.

Sir Rich What of Malt and Hops, Punch and Stratsburg Brandy, or a Fools head in a Looking glaſs? take him and lock him into his Chamber.

Noddy. Oh for Heavens ſake! 'tis haunted with Devils, I have been tormented all Night: They have laid a Plaiſter of melted Brimſtone upon my Shoulders, and ſinged my head with ſulphurous Flames, Oh the Devil, the Devil!

[*They hurry him off, and lock him up.*

Sir Rich. You ſhall diſturb the houſe no more to Night: Gentlemen, I am ſorry that this Fanatick Preacher ſhould diſturb you, he was drunk laſt night and fancies he's haunted with Devils, he's nothing but frighted with the Thunder and Lightning, at this time of the Winter.

Rowl.

Rowl. Which has been the ſtrangeſt I ever heard, I thought the houſe had fallen down, or at leaſt part of it.

Long. Such Thunder in this Winter Seaſon is prodigious, methinks it ſhould fright the Women out of their wits.

Sir Rich. I could not wake my ſweet Lady, ſhe lay as if ſhe were dead, I believe it is her property to be ſilent in a ſtorm, and ever tempeſtuous in a Calm.

Sir Rich. See what's a Clock by the *Pendulum.*

[*Ex. Serv. and re-enters.*

Serv. 'Tis within leſs than half an hour of five.

Rowl. 'Tis almoſt time to think of hunting: you told us we ſhould ſee your Harriers run.

Sir Rich. Let's to your Chambers and reſt an hour or two; we have Game juſt by.

Long. With all our hearts.

Sir Rich. Bid the Grooms be ready; Butler, do you call us; and Cook be ready with a Breakfaſt, come Gentlemen our way is the ſame. [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter Nadir *and* Abiſhog.

Nadir. *Well met, 'tis time we now be gone,*
Already all our Work is done;
The Transformation's wrought ſo ſure,
The Doctors time it ſhall endure.
The Lady's in the Coblers Hut,
The Coblers Wife to th' Knight is put;
And we defie the ſharpeſt Sight,
Ere to diſtinguiſh which is Right.

(*They ſink down.*

Scene the Coblers Houſe, Jobſon *in his Stall, his Bed in ſight.*

Jobſ. What has the Devil been abroad to Night? I never heard ſuch Thunder-Claps and ſuch a Storm, I thought my little houſe would have flown away. But now all is clear, and 'tis a fine Starlight Morning. Come I'll to work: Winters Thunder is Summers wonder.

In Bath *a wanton Wife did dwell,*
As Chaucer *he did write;*
Who wantonly did ſpend her Days
In many a fond Delight.
Upon a time ſore ſick ſhe was;
And at the length did dye:
Her Soul at laſt at Heaven Gate
Did knock moſt mightily.

Then

Then down came Adam *to the Gate,*
Who knocketh there quoth he?
I am the Wife of Bath *she said;*
Who fain would come to thee.
Thou art a Sinner Adam *said;*
And here no place can'ſt have:
Alack for you good Sir she said,
Go Gipp you doating Knave.

Lady. How now? what impudent Ballad-ſinging Rogue's that, that dare awake me out of my ſleep? I'll have thee flea'd, thou Raſcal.

Jobſ. Why? what a Pox, does this Jade talk in her ſleep, or is ſhe drunk ſtill. *He ſings on.*

I will come In in ſpight she ſaid,
Of all ſuch Churls as thee:
Thou art the cauſe of all our Pain,
Our Woe and Miſery.
Thou firſt brokeſt the Commandments,
In pleaſure of thy Wife.
When Adam *hear'd her tell this Tale,*
He ran away for life.

Lady. Why, Villain, Raſcal, Screech Owl; a worſe Noiſe than a Dog hung in the Pales, or a Hog in a great Wind. Here, where are my Servants? come and hamſtring the Rogue. [*She knocks.*

Jobſ. Why, how now you ſawcy Jade, you confounded Quean, you muſt be drunk with Conjurers, you ſhall have money for Lambs-wool, you whoreſon Drab.

Lady. Death! what Dog is this, where is my Bell? I can't find it to ring, where's my Servants? I'll toſs the Dog in a Blanket.

Jobſ. She is aſleep ſure, and all this is a Dream; the Conjurer told her ſhe ſhould keep a Coach, and ſhe is dreaming of her Equipage, ha, ha. [*He ſings on.*

Lady. Why Husband, Sir *Richard* do you hear this Inſolence?

Jobſ. Husband, Sir *Richard*, what a Pox has ſhe Knighted me? my Name is *Zekel* too, heres a jeſt indeed.

Lady. Hah he's gone, he's not i th' Bed, Oh Heaven! where am I? foh, what ſavour is this in my Noſtrils, here are ſtinking Leather Breeches and a Lether Apron, here are Canvas Sheets and filthy ragged Curtans, a beaſtly Rug and a Flock-bed: am I awake?

or

or is all this a Dream? what Rogue is that? Sirrah? where am I? who brought me hither? Rogue! what Rascal are you?

Jobson. This is most amazing, I never heard such words from her, so God save me, if I take my Strap, I'll make you know your Husband, and teach you a little better manners, you sawcy Drab.

Lady. Oh astonishing impudence! you my Husband! I'll have you hang'd you Rogue, I am a Lady sirrah, let me know who gave me a sleeping Potion, and conveyed me hither.

Jobson. A sleeping Potion, a Pox on you, you drunken Jade, you had a sleeping Potion, has not your Lambs-wool done working yet?

Lady. Where am I? where has my damn'd villanous Husband put me? why, *Jane*, *Lettis*, where are my Queans?

Jobson. Ha, ha, ha, what does she call her Maids! the Conjurers have not only made her drunk, but mad too.

Lady. He talks of Conjurers, sure I am bewitcht, ha, what Cloaths are here? here's a Linsey woolsey Gown, a Callicoe Hood, and a Red Bays Petticoat, and Shoes with Hobnails, I'm removed out of my own House by Witchcraft, what shall I do, or what will become of me?

Job. Hark the Hunters and the merry Horns abroad, why *Nell*, you lazy Jade! 'tis Break of day, come to work, come, come and spin you Drab, or I'll swinge your lazy Hide for you? Pox on you, must I be working two hours before you in a morning?

Lady. Why Sirrah you impudent Villain, do you know me?

Jobs. Know you, yes, and will make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady. I am Sir *Richard Lovemore*'s Lady, how came I here?

Jobs. Sir *Richard Lovemore*'s Lady, no not so bad yet, she's a damn'd stingy Phanatick Whore, and plagues every one that comes near her, the whole Country curses her.

[*She flings the Bed-staffs and lumber at his Head.*

Lady. Nay then I'll hold no longer, you Rogue, you insolent Villain have at you.

Jobs. This is more than e're I saw by her, she's mad sure, I never had an ill word from her before, come Strap I'll try your mettle; I'll fetch you out of your drunken Fits you Maukin, come come on Huswife: [*He straps her, she flys at his Throat, they fight.*

Lady. Oh murder, murder, I'll pull your Throat out, I'll tear your Eyes out, I'm a Lady Sirrah, Sir *Richard Lovemore* will hang you for this. [*They fight and she crys out:*

Enter

Enter Countryman.

Countryman. Why Neighbour *Jobſon*, what is the matter? I was going to fodder my Cattle, and heard murder cry'd here.

Lady. Oh fellow, do you know Sir *Richard Lovemore*?

Countryman. Ay marry do I well enough, he's my Landlord, he's as honeſt a Gentleman as any is in forty mile of his head.

Job. Prithee Neighbour don't mind her, ſhe was drunk yeſterday with Conjurers, ſhe's mad ſtill, and I can't get her up to her Spinning work.

Lady. Oh help me, I'm Sir *Richard Lovemore's* Lady, convey'd hither I know not how, to be tormented and lamed by this outragious Villain.

Job. Did not I tell you ſhe was mad, come out you Jade, I'll fetch you to your Spindle.

Countrym. Hold you Neighbour, this is a pretty Whirlegig? I know my Lady right well, and Goody *Jobſon* too, ah Goody *Jobſon* I'm ſorry to ſee this, you are mad indeed: my Lady Quo ſhe

He takes the Candle and looks on her.

Job. What a pox do you think I don't know my own Wife? that mole under her left Eye.

Countrym. A Lady? no neighbour *Jobſon*, thou art ten times a better a woman, no diſpraiſe to her, ſhe's the hearteats Jade that ever came i'th' Pariſh, the whole Country curſes her.

Lady. Oh he has bruiſed me, and lamed me, and I am almoſt dead with the ſtench of this filthy place, either I am remov'd by Enchantment, or they have given me *Opium*, and in a dead ſleep they have brought me hither, are you in earneſt? Look on me, do you not know my Lady *Lovemore*? I'll give you a hundred pound and carry me home. [*They both laugh.*

Job. Why you mad Beaſt, you my Lady *Lovemore*? A pox on her, I know her well enough, ſhe gave me three or four damn'd blows of the Pate laſt night, in her own houſe.

Lady. I did ſo, I remember you now, I did give you thoſe blows of the Pate, in my houſe laſt night. Jobſon *ſteps out.*

Countrym. Why Goody *Jobſon*, why do you think I am blind? I do not know my Lady? a plaguy Quean, why all the Country rings on her. *She falls upon the Country fellow, and beats him out of Doors, he runs out crying help, help.*

Lady This is a Conſpiracy of Rogues.

Countrym. Help, help, if ſhe be not my Lady, ſhe has learnt of my Lady. *Ex. Countrym.*

Lady.

Lady. Is this the Rogue my Husbands revenge upon me? here's Cloths, here's filthy Rags; oh foh! oh miserable Woman! I shall be delivered and make 'em rue for it.

Enter Jobson *with a Rock and Spindle.*

Jobs. Come, come you Quean, I'll make you leave your fooling, come to your Spindle, or else I'll lam your Hide, you were ne're lam'd so since you were an inch long. Take it up, you Jade.

[*She flings it down; he straps her.*

Lady. Hold hold, what shall I do? I can't Spin

Jobs. Oh! I thought I should bring you to your self to work. I'll unto my Stall, 'tis broad day now, why why, you awkard Jade. I think her Brains are turn'd, she has forgot to spin.

[*He sings and stitches.*

Lady. I know this place, I'll try my Feet I'll run into the Town, some body will secure me there sure.

[*She runs out, he follows her.*

Jobs. What does the Jade run for't? I'll after her.

The Scene changes to Sir Richard Lovemore's *House.*

The Bed Chamber, Nell Jobson *in Bed.*

Nell. What Heavenly dreams I have had this Night? methought I was in Paradice, upon a Bed of Roses, and of Violets, and the sweetest Husband by my side; sure it was a dream, Ha! where am I now? bless us! what sweets are these about me? no Garden in the Spring can equal them, nor buds of Roses with the Dew upon them, am I upon a Bed? the Sheets are Scarcenet sure; no Linnen ever was so fine, what a gay silken Robe have I gotten? Oh Heaven I dream! I dream! nothing but Point and Lace, and Gold, s and Fringe. Oh let me never awake! nothing but Gold, fine Work and Carving: oh Father what a Glass is there! there's a sumptuous Carpet upon the Table and silver Plate, sure *I* dy'd to night in my sleep, and am gone to Heaven, and this is it!

Enter Jane.

Jane. Now must *I* go to be called Whore or Jade, and fifty other Names, I must wake an alarm that will not lye still till Midnight at the soonest, Madam, Madam.

[*She goes sneaking towards the Bed.*

Nell. Lord who is this, what sayst thou Sweet heart.

Jane. Sweet heart, O Lord, Sweet heart! the best names I have had these twelve months from her, have been Whore or Jade: Madam, what Gown and what Ruffles will your Ladiship please to wear to day?

Nell. Oh Lord, what does she mean? Ladiship, Gown and Ruffles, sure I am awake now, I remember the Cunning man!

Jane. Say you Madam?

Nell. The same I did yesterday Child.

Jane. Mercy upon me! Child! here's a Miracle!

Enter Maid sneaking.

Maid. Is my Lady awake, and have you had e're a slipper or a shoe flung at your head yet?

Jane. Oh no I am overjoy'd, she is in the kindest humour, nothing but Love and Sweetness, go to the Bed and speak to her now, now is your time.

Maid. You laugh at me, now is your time says she, what to have an Eye beaten out or another Tooth? Madam. [*Softly.*

Nell. What sayst thou Girl? Father, what would she have?

Maid. What work will your Ladyship have me do to day? shall I work Plain-work, or go on my Parchment?

Nell. Work say'st thou, why? 'tis holiday Child, No work to day.

Maid. Oh mercy, am I or she awake! or do we both dream?

Jane. Did not I tell you?

Maid. Here's a blest Change!

Jane. If it continues we are all made, we shall be a happy Family.

Nell. Who's that?

Enter Footboy with Billets.

Footboy. Now shall I be condemned to the Dog-whip instead of a breakfast.

Jane. Some Billets for your Ladyships fire?

Nell. That's a good boy.

Footboy. O Lord, O Lord, is that my Lady?

He runs out jumping.

Jane. Go Sir, she's in a rare humour.

Nell. Prithee Sweet-heart give me my things, I'll rise, I can't abide to lye in Bed.

Jane. Have *I* my sences or not, Good lack?

Nell. This Cunning man is a rare Man: he said I must bear it out, I'm amazed? I know not what to do.

Jane *gives her a rich Morning Gown.*

Jane. Here's your Ladiships Morning Gown.

Nell. Where are my Eyes, they are dazzled; this is a Robe fit for

for an Angel to wear. Bleſs me, I ſhall not know my ſelf. (*Aſide.*)
[*She riſes from her Bed.*

Maid. Your Ladiſhips Chocolate's ready.

Nell. Mercy on me, what's that? 'tis ſome Garment ſure, well put it on then Sweet heart.

Maid. Put it on Madam, I have taken it off, 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. Drink ſays ſhe, I mean, put it by, I don't care for drinking.

Enter Footboy and Cook.

Cook. Now go I like a Bear to the Stake to know what her Scurvy Ladiſhip will have for Breakfaſt, how many Raſcally names ſhall I be called.

Footboy. You are miſtaken, there never was ſuch a change, ſhe's nothing but Goodneſs, you'll be over-joy'd to hear her.

Cook. You Arch Dog! I'll lug you by the Ears, Sirrah, if you play the Rogue with me. [*Ex. Footboy.*

Maid. Oh! *John Cook*! you'll be out of your Wits to ſee this change, oh, ſhe's the ſweeteſt Lady.

Cook. What the Devil are they all mad!

Jane. Madam, here's the Cook come to know what your Ladiſhip will pleaſe to have for Breakfaſt.

Nell. Oh Lord there's a fine Cook: He looks like one of your Gentlefolks. (*Aſide*) I am very hungry indeed, honeſt Man, pray get me a Raſher upon the Coals and a piece of one Milk Cheeſe, and ſome White bread.

Jane. Here's Humility, what a Converſion's here?

Cook. Hey what's to do here! what the Devil's the matter! my Head turns round: where am I? honeſt Man! I look'd for Rogue or Raſcal at the beſt.

Jane. Oh Madam that will lye heavy upon your Ladiſhips Stomach, he'll get you ſome dainty diſh immediately.

Nell Do then e'ne whot tw'oot good Mr *Cook.*

Cook. Good Lord! good Mr Cook! Oh 'tis a ſweet Lady. *Aſide.* And by my troth I will Madam preſently. I'm overjoy'd, methinks I could leap out of my Skin. [*Enter the Butler.*
Chip, kiſs me, prithee kiſs me I ſay: I'm out of my Wits. We have the rareſt Lady, the ſweeteſt Lady that ever Men ſerv'd: go and be aſtoniſht as I am.

Butler. You ſhamming Rogue, I think you are out of your Wits indeed; what the devil doth he mean? the Maid looks Merrily too.

Jane. Chip the Butler is come Madam to know what your Ladi-

diſhip will pleaſe to drink: Come near Mr *Chip*, You'l be amazed.

[*Aſide.*

Nell. Good Mr *Chip*, let me have ſome good Small Beer when my Breakfaſt comes up.

Butler. Mr *Chip*! Mr *Chip*! I ſhall be turned into a Stone with amazement. Madam, would not your Ladiſhip pleaſe to have a Glaſs of *Frontinuque* or *Lacrymæ*?

Nell. Oh me, what hard Names are theſe! I muſt not betray my ſelf. (*Aſide*) Yes if you will Mr Butler.

Butl. Heaven and Earth, I'm amaz'd! here will be Joy! go get you in and be happy as I am, Joy, Joy. [*Ex. Butler.*

Enter Coachman.

Coach. The Cook has been bantering I do not know how long, does the Butler banter too.

Jane. Madam the Coachman is at the door.

Enter Coachman.

Nell. Come in good Coachman.

Coachm. Will your Ladiſhip pleaſe to take the Air to day? if ſo, which will you have the Coach or the Chariot?

Nell. Thank you, which you think convenient.

Coach. Oh Heaven! the Sky will fall; what's this?

[*He goes out ſmiling.*

Nell. Sure I cannot be awake, how overjoy'd they all ſeem to wait on me. Oh notable Cunning man, I'm the happieſt Woman, I grow giddy with my happineſs. I'll retire and give Heaven thanks for this, (*aſide*) Where is my Common Prayer Book?

Jane. Common Prayer Book! here's a turn, what will *Non con* ſay? your Ladiſhip has none, but here's my Maſters.

[*She takes it. Exeunt.*

Nell. Thank you Sweat heart.

Enter Sir Richard *and his two Friends from hunting.*

Sir *Richard.* How do you like this Gentlemen; we have had a ſmart turn or two.

[*All the Servants flock about him.*

Rowl. I never followed fleeter Dogs that had any Noſes.

Long. I hate your meer fleet Hounds, that kill preſently in view, it is as bad as courſing.

Sir *Rich* Methinks there's Pleaſure to ſee 'em hit it off at a fault, as well as there is in a hard riding.

Long. And to ſee the doubles and ſhifts an old Hare will make for her Life, faith beyond a Fox.

Sir *Rich.*

Sir *Rich.* I ſpare my Horſes to day which made me come home ſo ſoon, but to morrow you ſhall try my Fox-hounds, and then Gentlemen I will lead you a dance.

Butl. Sir, here's the rareſt News.

Jane. There was never the like, Sir you'l be overjoyed and amazed.

Sir *Rich.* What are ye mad? what's the matter with you?

Enter the Coachman, and three or four Servants more jumping in.

Sir Rich. How now? what's the matter? here's a new Face in my Family, what all joy and mirth, what does it mean, or is it a *Chriſtmas* Gambol?

Butler. Oh Sir the Family is turn'd topſie turvy, we are almoſt diſtracted, we are the happieſt People.

Jane. I cannot contain my ſelf, my Lady, Sir my Lady.

Sir *Rich.* What is ſhe dead?

Butler. Dead! no Heaven forſend, ſhe's the beſt Lady, the ſweeteſt Lady.

Jane. Oh the deareſt, kindeſt Lady, you are the happieſt man Sir, living.

Butler. Never was ſuch a change, ſuch a miracle, why, all the houſe will lay down their Lives for her.

Jane. She has obliged us all the kindlieſt and the ſweetlieſt, we'll live and dye with her.

All the Servaats ſpeak together. Ay, all, all of us, long live her Ladiſhip, God bleſs her Ladiſhip.

Maid. Oh ſhe's the beſt Lady in the World, I could kiſs the Ground ſhe goes on.

Butler. I could lick the dirt of her Shoes, ſhe's the ſweeteſt, gentleſt natur'd Lady breathing.

Sir Rich. Why? give me Breath a little; what do you mean?

Butler. 'Tis true, 'tis true Sir, go into her your ſelf, and be witneſs of her ſtrange change, none but Heaven could work ſuch a miracle.

Sir Rich. This is moſt aſtoniſhing, Gentlemen you ſee how I am ſurpriz'd, if you pleaſe to dreſs, I'll in and ſee the meaning of this wonder, I'm impatient till I go in.

Jane. Sir you may put off your Boots and dreſs firſt, ſhe's at Prayers with the Common Prayer Book in her Cloſet, and will be private for half an hour.

Sir Rich. How, Common Prayer Book? new Prodigies! what miraculous

miraculous power has been here at work? my Friends, if this be true I ſhall rejoyce indeed.

But. True, ay 'tis true enough, long live Sir *Richard* and his Lady, Heaven bleſs 'em both, huzzah, huzzah.

Ex. omnes.

ACT the THIRD.

Nell *and* Jane.

Nell. I well remember the Cunning Man warned me to bear all out with Confidence, or worſe he ſaid would follow, I am aſhamed and know not what to do with all this Ceremony; I am amazed, and out of my ſences, I look'd i'th Glaſs, and ſaw a gay fine thing I knew not, methought my Face was not at all like that I have ſeen at home, in a piece of Looking glaſs faſtned upon the Cupboard. But great Ladies they ſay have flattering Glaſſes, that ſhow them far unlike themſelves, whilſt poor folks Glaſſes ſhow e'en as they are.

Enter Sir Richard.

Jane. Oh Madam, here's my Maſter now return'd from Hunting.

Nell. Oh Heaven! this goodly Gentleman my Husband?

Sir Rich. My dear: I am extreamly pleaſed to ſee my Family thus transform'd to all the joy imaginable, which as they tell me you have created in them.

Nell. Sir, I ſhall be always overjoy'd at what gives you delight, and ſhall be ever glad if I can pleaſe your Family.

Sir Rich. Oh Divine Softneſs! this Gentleneſs of thine tranſports me.

Nell. Alaſs Sir what am I? I am aſhamed of my own meanneſs, I ſhall be glad to be a fellow Servant here, you are Lord of all Sir.

Sir Rich Dear Creature, if thou continueſt thus, I had rather be Lord of thee than of the *Indies.*

Nell. You make me bluſh Sir; I hope I ſhall have Grace never to be otherwiſe.

Sir Rich. I am aſtoniſh'd, can this be real?

[*She kneels.*

Nell.

Nell All that's good above can witneſs for me: I am in earneſt.

Sir Rich. Riſe ſweeteſt Creature, what has wrought this admirable change.

Nell. Alas! I never did offend you nor any of them.

Sir Rich. (*Aſide*) What does ſhe mean? I have not known a Calm within my houſe theſe ſix Weeks: but Yeſternight you triumph'd over me, and all my Family, was not that offence?

Nell. It was not I; *I* ſure was not my ſelf then, indeed, I find my ſelf ſo much changed, I ſcarce know who I am?

Sir Rich. It is a bleſſed change.

Nell. It is ſo; I have that pleaſure in my mind, that every thing I ſee raviſhes me with joy, ſuch a ſweet Houſe, ſuch brave Furniture, ſuch ready loving Servants, and ſo noble, ſo ſweet a Lord and Maſter: Oh Father! I know not where I am am methinks!

Sir Rich. Heaven be thanked for this: I would not loſe this Dear, this Bleſſed Creature, for all the Wealth and Power that Kings can boaſt of.

Nell. 'Tis ſure Heavens doing: and I can never have another mind, 'tis wondrous that I ever had methinks.

Sir Rich. And I am confirm'd: Joy! Joy! Oh heart make room for Joy! it will overwhelm you elſe, upon my knees I kiſs this dear, dear hand: Thou art ſo rare a Creature, I ſhall worſhip thee.

Nell. Nay hold Sir! pray Sir! what do you do? indeed you make me cry, I am ſo aſham'd, oh Father! ſo brave a Gentleman to kneel to me; 'tis my duty to do that.

Sir Rich. Hold heart, I ſay contain thy ſelf; where are my Friends, my Servants call 'em all, and let 'em be Witneſſes of my happineſs.

Nell. O Lord! how ſhall I behave my ſelf before theſe Gentlefolks.

Sir Rich. And wilt thou never chide, nor quarrel with me more, and ſhow thy fury amongſt my Servants?

Nell. I'll cut my Tongue out firſt, oh Lord I chide!

Sir Rich. I have one thing more, wilt thou go to Church with me, and leave the ſniveling Conventicle?

Nell. Yes ſurely Sir, I'll do what e're you pleaſe, I'll have nothing to do with Fanaticks, they are a Melancholy ill condition'd People.

Sir Rich. Sure 'twas an Angel ſpoke in thee, thou art the beſt of all thy Sex, I hope thou art convinc'd that the Fanatick Chap-

lain was drunk last night; wouldst thou let me discard him, there wants nothing then to compleat my happiness.

Nell. Yes, Heaven forbid else: what shall I disobey my Lord and Master.

Sir Rich. Let me embrace my Dear, my Love, and prithee seal this promise with a kiss.

Nell. Oh rare sweet man! he smells all over like a Nosegay, Heaven preserve my wits. (*Aside*)

Enter Rowland, Longmore, *and all the servants*

Sir Rich. Gentlemen, behold this day, here stands the happiest man that the Sun shines on, I am transported beyond my senses: I here proclaim a Jubile to all my Family these three months: Summon in all the Country, I'll keep open house, send for my Fidlers, Hoboys, Trumpets, and all instruments of joy: let all the Bells in the Hundred Ring, let the Steeples crack, and let the Ringers drink enough: here stands the best of Women and of Wives, the kindest and the gentlest Mistress to her Servants; and she that has given me all this happiness.

Nell. Lord Sir, you put me out of countenance. I blush, I'm sorry that I ever angred you, indeed I'll do you all the good I can, I should be to blame else.

All the Servants cry { God bless my Lady, long live her Ladyship, we'll live and dye with her.

Sir Rich. My dear you did affront these Gentlemen last night, speak to 'em.

Nell. Indeed I was not my self, I'm sorry that I was uncivil, I hope to mend.

Rowl. We are your Ladyships humble Servants, and largely must partake of the great Joy, which now possesses all the Family.

Longm. Joy, Joy, to both the Bridegroom and the Bride; 'tis a new Wedding.

Sir Rich. 'Tis true; some three months since, I did espouse her Body, this day I'm married to her mind, this is a perfect Wedding: go send all my Tenants, there shall be nought but Feasts and Revels here.

Nell. This will be a brave time, how I shall joy to see it.

[*A flourish of Musick without.* *Enter Servingman.*

Serv Man. Your Fidlers were going by, having heard that my Lady would not allow of Musick, but I call'd 'em in.

Sir Rich. You did well; my Dear, do you not love Musick?

Nell. I love nothing better.

Sir Rich.

Sir Rich. That's my joy, my life; call in my Musick: Gentlemen, I'll make 'em sing a very unfashionable song to you, in the praise of marriage, a piece of my own Poetry in my last Wives time, [*They come in and sing the Song.*

Let the vain Spark consume all his store,
In keeping an expensive Whore,
For others to employ.
For all those snares, and baits he pays,
Which she for other Gallants lays,
And he must least enjoy.

Keep Whores then as perfumes you wear,
Of which your selves have the least share:
Of others Claps partake.
Your Bodies bring to the Surgeons hands,
And to the Scriveners all your Lands:
And give her your last Stake.

While with reason we bless the Fate,
That brings us to the Marriage State,
The only happy Life.
The chief enjoyment in a King,
No Wealth no Power, such joy can bring;
As does a Wife, a tender Wife.

There can be no true Friend beside,
So oft does interest divide;
But they are so conjoyn'd.
By this most Sacred Rite are grown,
That they are not one flesh alone,
But they are both one Mind.

Butler. Sir, here are some Country Neighbors hearing of the happy conversion, desire to dance before you.

Sir Rich. Let them come in.

[*They Dance.*

Enter Noddy *wrapt up in his Night Cap.*

Noddy. What meaneth this lewd noise; this most prophane abominable Jigging? Lady I must rebuke thee, in pure zeal, I must rebuke thee, I cannot bear it.

Sir Rich. Thou insolent fool be silent, I will have no Phanaticks, no Law breakers within my Walls, especially no Hypocrites, you were drunk last Night you Swine.

Noddy. I defie thy words, it was a fit, I was taken with a fit, a grievous fit: Lady, what say you, are you become like one of the wicked ones.

Nell. I will obey my Lord and Master, his will is mine.

Sir Rich. Retire to your Chamber, you shall not be seen this day, to morrow I will tell you more of my Mind.

Noddy. What's this, she is not as she was; *Jampridem mulieri ne credas ne mortuæ quidem*; I may not go, I will not retire, my Zeal telleth me, I must rebuke thee, and I will thunder in thine Ears.

Sir Rich. Turn him out.

Noddy. I may not go, I say I will not retire, my Zeal transporteth me, I am become furious.

[*They thrust him out.*

Enter my Ladies *Father.*

Sir Rich. Father you are welcome, doubly welcome; I sent for you upon another occasion than I now find: Heaven has ordered things another way, we are all transported with excess of joy, my dear salute your Father.

Nell. Good Heaven! my Father; what means this? sure I shall be distracted, but I must bear it out. (*Aside.*)

[*She kneels to ask Blessing.*

Father. What meaneth this, 'tis superstitious, and savours of Idolatry.

Sir Rich. 'Tis nothing but her great Humility.

Father. I like it not.

[*The Cook knocks to Dinner.*

Nell. I shall endeavour then to please you Sir.

Father. 'Tis well, I am glad to see you and my Son in Law well; but what's the cause of this unwonted joy, of this transport?

Sir Rich. The Cook has knocked to Dinner: let's in, you there shall have a full account, and be a joyful witness of our happiness.

[*Ex. omnes.*

Scene changes to Jobson's *House.*

Lady. Was ever Woman yet so miserable? I cannot make one in the Village yet acknowledge me, they sure are all of the Conspiracy, this wicked Husband of of mine has laid a deviliſh Plot against me, I for the present must submit, that I may get an opportunity

tunity into my hands for my deſign; here comes a Rogue I will have ſtrangled, but now I muſt yield.

Enter Jobſon.

Jobſon. Come on *Nell*, art come to thy ſelf yet?

Lady Ay! thank you, I wonder what I ailed, this Cunningman put Powder in my drink moſt certainly.

Jobſon. Powder! the Brewer put good ſtore of powder of Malt in it, that's all, Powder Quo ſhe, ha ha ha!

Lady. I never was ſo all the days of my Life.

Jobſon. Was ſo, no, nor I hope ne're will be ſo again, to put me to the trouble of ſtrapping you ſo deviliſhly.

Lady. I'll have that Right hand cut off, for that you were unmerciful to bruiſe me ſo. (*Aſide.*)

Jobſon. Why? Faith I'm ſorry for it, but it did you a great deal of good tho, why? you would have been mad and call'd your ſelf my Lady *Lovemore* till this time elſe: why come, why don't you Spin?

Lady. I can't, you have bruiſed my Arms ſo, when they are well I'll work hard.

Jobſon. That's my good Girl, I'll buy ſome Plumbs to make thee a mince'd Pye, come let's be friends, faith kiſs and friends.

Lady. Oh curſed impudent Raſcal, what does he ſay?

[*She turns from him.*

Jobſon. Nay prithee now, faith I won't ſtrap thee ſo no more.

Lady I muſt ſtay till this be well, before I forget it.

Jobſon. Ounz if you go to that I will kiſs you.

[*He kiſſes her and ſmacks.*

Lady. Oh foh, how the Beaſt ſtinks of Cheeſe, Leather apron, Pitch, Greaſe, foul Linnen and old Shoes. (*Aſide*)

Enter the Country Fellow with two or three more with him.

C. Fellow. Why Neighbour *Jobſon*? why dont you put on your Bond, and go to the Hall place?

Jobſon. Why, what's the matter?

C. Fellow. Matter! why? there's ſuch a change, they are all out of their Wits, there's open houſe to be kept there till *Candlemas*, all the Tenants are ſent for, why you'll loſe your Dinner.

Lady. What do I hear? here's fine work indeed. (*Aſide.*

Jobſon. What the Devil is to do there? is that damn'd Jade my Lady dead.

C. Fellow. Nay I know not, we ſhall hear when I go, the Bells ring, do you not hear 'em? and there's order given for all the Pa-

riſhes hereabouts to ring, Barrels of Beer, Flaggons of Brandy and Money for the Ringers, and Alms to all the Poor are ordered

Lady. Death what's this? Here's a rout when I am gone, did they pack me away for this, I ſhall have all my Eſtate run out.

C. Fellow. Come, come, make haſte

Lady Husband, ſhant I go with you?

Jobſon. Why, what ail'ſt thou: did not I tell thee I would ſtrap thee yeſterday for deſiring to go, art thou at it again?

Lady. What does this Villain mean by ſtrapping, and yeſterday?

Jobſon. What a Pox I have been married but ſix weeks, and you long to make me a Cuckold already, ſtay at home, there's good cold Pye in the Cupboard. But I'll truſt you no more with ſtrong Beer Huzwife.

Lady. Well, you will have your way, I muſt do what you bid me.

Jobſon. That's a good Wench, God be with you. come on Neighbour. *Ex.* Jobſon *and Neighbor.*

Lady. And I'll be there not long after you, ſure I ſhall meet ſome there that are not of the Conſpiracy. *Rx. Lady.*

Scene Sir Richard's *Houſe, Sir* Richard *and all the Company at Dinner*

[*Serv. Man whiſper Sir* Richard.

Father. Son in Law Sir *Richard* I long to ſee Mr *Noddy*, methinks I did not eat the meat with Appetite, ſince he did not bleſs the Creature.

Sir Rich. Sir to tell you the truth he is very ſick, he was drunk laſt night, I am ſorry to ſay it to you.

Father. Son-in-Law, I know you are a Lukewarm *Formaliſt* of the *Epiſcopal way*, and you are glad to ſay it, but I believe it not.

Sir Rich. Pardon me Sir, I do not uſe to lye, the whole Family are witneſſes of it.

Father. I fear me they are all too much of the ſame Batch, will my Daughter affirm this;

Nell. I muſt needs ſay what Sir *Richard* ſays.

Father Come Gentlemen, perhaps he might e're he was aware be overtaken with the Creature, he might be tranſported perhaps with *Zeal* and ſo the ſooner overtaken, and ſo 'tis not a ſin, but a frailty in him that is Righteous, I muſt ſee him.

Sir Rich. But 'tis a ſin in us: very good Doctrine.

Though Zeal ſtand Centry at the Gate of Sin,
Yet all that have the word paſs freely in.

[*Ex. Footboy, and brings in* Noddy.

Father. I am ſorry to ſee you ill Mr. *Noddy.* *Noddy.*

Noddy. Bleſs your Worſhip.

Father. Now we have dined let him give Thanks.

(Noddy *is humming and hauging, in order to his Grace.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Here's a Riot and a Rout, you ſirrah, Butler, Rogue.

Butler. Why how now? what a Pox is to do with you? who are you?

Lady. Impudent Varlet! don't you know your Lady?

Butler. Why how now you Queen? here, turn this Madwoman out of doors. [*ſhe ſtrikes him*

Lady. S'Life you Raſcal take that ſirrah, why ſirrah? don't you know your Lady? my Lady *Lovemore*, hands off, I am ſhe you Rogue.

{ *She flings the Glaſs in his Face which he had in his hands, and the Serving man lays hold on her.*

Serv. Why you ſawcy Jade? Huzwife have a care, here's a good pump, we'll cool your Courage for you

Lady. Why *Jane*? Huzwife, ſure you do not forget me?

Jane. Forget thee woman! why? I never remember thee, I ne're ſaw thee in my Life.

Lady. Oh wicked Slut! I'll give thee cauſe to remember me [*She pulls her by the Head Cloths.*

Jane. Oh murder! murder! help, help!

Sir Rich. How now, what Uproar's there?

Lady. You Jade, *Lettice*, what won't you know me neither? I'll make you know your Lady.

[*Lady ſtrikes her, ſhe breaks from him.*

Maid. Help, help!

Sir Rich. What's to do there?

Butler. Why? here's the Madwoman falls a beating and lugging us, and calls her ſelf my Lady.

Sir Rich. Some *Chriſtmas* frolick, ſome Neighbour has a mind to be merry.

Nell. I warrant it is a Beſs of Bedlam.

Lady. Oh here's my *Chaplain*, ſure he is not of the Conſpiracy againſt me! Mr *Noddy*! Thou art an holy man.

Noddy. I am ſo woman, what would thou have with me?

Lady. What are you blind? do you not know me becauſe I have theſe filthy Clothes on? look on my Face, I am the moſt injur'd, the moſt abuſed Lady that ever yet drew breath.

Noddy. Lady! Woman, art thou not mad in truth?

Lady

Lady. Why ſirrah, are not you my *Chaplain*? You baſe Villain, did not I lay on the Plaiſter to your ſhoulders, and a red hot Pan to your Head laſt Night, and ſav'd your Life?

Noddy. Oh Heaven! this is the *Sorcereſs* that bewitch'd me this Night, lay hold on her ſhe is a Witch.

Father. Why Maſter *Noddy*? art not thou troubled in Spirit? it is ſurely a Trick, a Gambal.

Lady. My Father here! I am ſo diſtracted with my griefs and ſufferings I did not ſee you, but now I muſt embrace you, and never leave you till you ſuccour and revenge me for the moſt Barbarous uſage that ever Lady ſuffer'd: ſpeak, will you not ſpeak to me, Honored Father?

Father. I know thee not, I fear thou art ſome lewd Woman; be gone, hands off.

Lady. Nay, then I am deſperately miſerable.

Noddy. She is a Witch, and did confeſs it to me, I will have her burnt.

Sir Rich. Stand by, there muſt be ſomething more than ordinary in this Buſineſs. [*Ex.* Noddy *and Father.*

Longm. What the Devil can this mean?

Rowl. What ſhould it mean? ſome poor Madwoman is got looſe.

Sir Rich. Why? I never ſaw thee; thou my Wife? poor Creature I pity thee.

Lady. Nay it is in vain to hope for Redreſs from thee, thou wicked Contriver of all my Miſery.

Nell. How I am amazed! is that I there in my Clothes, that have made this diſturbance? oh Father! I am here in theſe fine Clothes, how can this be? and yet to my thinking I am there, I am ſo confounded and affrighted, that I ſhall begin to wiſh I were with *Zekel Jobſon* again.

Lady. To whom ſhall I apply my ſelf, or whither ſhall I flie? oh Heaven what do I ſee! is not that I there in my Gown and Petticoat I wore yeſterday? how can it be when I am here? I cannot be in two in two places at once.

Rowl. Surely no, unleſs thou wer't a Bird, but come Sir let's be deaf to theſe vile Gambals and retire.

Sir *Rich.* Poor Creature ſhe's ſtark mad.

Lady. What in the devils Name, was I here before I came hither? that I ſhould come hither, and find that I was here before I came is the ſtrangeſt thing to me, let me look in this Glaſs. Oh Heaven

Heaven I am confounded, I know not my ſelf, if that be I that's repreſented in the Glaſs, I never ſaw my ſelf before.

Sir *Rich.* What incoherent madneſs is this?

Enter Jobſon.

Lady pointing to Nell. There, there's the devil in my likeneſs, that has robb'd me of my Countenance. S'Life is he here?

Jobſon. Ay, that muſt be the Devil that's in your Likeneſs, remember my ſtrap, you Quean.

Lady. How inevitably wretched am I?

Nell. O Lord, I am afraid my Husband will beat me that am on yonders ſide.

Jobſon Gallants pray pardon her, ſhe was drinking with a Conjurer laſt Night, and ſhe has been mad ever ſince, and ſays ſhe is my Lady *Lovemore*.

Sir Rich. Poor Woman take care of her, and do not hurt her, ſhe may be cured of this.

Jobſon. Cured, yes and pleaſe your Worſhip, you ſhall ſee me cure her with this ſtrap immediately. Huſwife do you ſee this?

Nell Hold, hold pray do not beat me *Zekel.*

Sir Rich. What ſays my dear; does ſhe infect thee with madneſs too?

Nell. I am not well, my head turns round.

[*The Maid goes in with* Nell.

Enter Butler.

Sir Rich. Wait on your Lady in.

Jobſon. I beſeech your Worſhip don't take it ill of me, ſhe ſhall never trouble you more.

Sir Rich. Take her home and uſe her kindly, I'll ſend my Phyſician to her, he ſhall cure her *I* warrant you.

Jobſon. Thank your Worſhip moſt kindly, come *Nell:*

Lady. What will become of me? [*Ex.* Jobſon *and* *Lady.*

Sir Rich. How now, where's my Father in Law?

Butler. He has taken Coach; he bid me tell you he loves no *Chriſtmas*-Gambals, and he took for this one.

Longm. It is a very odd one take it all together, as e're I ſaw?

Rowl. Methought there was a Method in her madneſs, ſhe did not know her ſelf i th' Glaſs.

Long. And if you obſerved, your Lady uttered ſome ſtrange words.

Sir Rich. She did ſo, which did very much amaze me.

Rowl.

Rowl. But that I have not much Belief in *Magick*, I ſhould have odd thoughts of this.

Sir Rich. Now you have put me in mind of it, there was ſomething in the latter part of the ſtory, very ſtrange and very ſurprizing.

Enter Servingman.

Serv. Man. Sir, the Doctor who call'd here laſt Night, deſires a word in private with you on earneſt Buſineſs.

Sir Rich. What can this mean? bring him to me?

Enter Doctor.

Rowl. VVe'll take a turn and wait on you ſuddenly.

Sir Rich. Your ſervant Gentlemen, be gone Servants.

[*Ex* Rowland, Longmore *and Servants.*

Doct. Low on my knees I fall, and beg your pardon, and put my Life into your hands, I have exerciſed my art of Magick on your Lady. I know you are an honourable man, and will not take my Life, who might have ſtill concealed it from you, if I had pleaſed.

Sir *Rich.* Methinks you have brought me to the glimpſe of miſery, too great for me to bear, is all my happineſs come only to a ſhort Liv'd, Viſion and a Dream?

Doct. Sir I beſeech you fear not, if there be any harm towards you, I freely will give you leave to hang me.

Sir Rich. Can *Magick* bring me any thing but ill?

Doct. I never yet did miſchief by my Art, there are *Aerial* Spirits I command which do no hurt, they are *Sylphs.*

Sir Rich. What have you done? inform me.

Doct. I have ſo transform'd your Lady's face, ſhe ſeems to be the Coblers's Wife, and charmed the face of *Jobſons* VVife into the Likeneſs of your Lady's, and when the ſtorm aroſe, my Spirits remov'd each to the others Bed.

Sir Rich. Oh miſerable wretch thou haſt undone me, I am fallen from the top of all my hopes, and ſtill muſt have a moſt tempeſtuous VVife, that fury whom I never yet new quiet, ſince the firſt minute I had her.

Doct. If that were all, I could continue the Charm for both their Lives.

Sir Richard. I'll have no happineſs from Hell, all my Bleſſings muſt come from Heaven, and I will hang you if you do not undo your Charm, let the event be what it will.

Doct.

Doct. I'll do it in a moment, and perhaps you'll find it is the luckieſt moment of your Life, I can well aſſure you your Lady will prove the beſt of Wives, give me your pardon Sir.

Sir Rich. Upon condition you undo the Charm, I will.

Doct. It ſhall be done, and you ſhall find all my Prædiction true.

Sir Richard. Hold there is yet a material thing, which I muſt know.

Doct. I will reſolve you Sir.

Sir Rich. May be to Crown this miſchief I have ſuffer'd, the Cobler may perhaps have made me a Cuckold.

Doct. Then cut his Throat, for e're ſhe was tranſported to that Bed; the Cobler was got up, beſides he has done nought but beat her ever ſince, and you are like to reap the benefit of his Labour.

Sir Rich. Go about the buſineſs, I'll ſend for him and her.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Butler, *and* Noddy.

Butler. I can aſſure you, there's no ſtaying for you in this Family; my Lady has yielded all up to my Maſters power.

Noddy. Why look thee *Edward Chip*; thou art miſtaken in me, I can conform in many things, rather than leave ſo good a Houſe and ſo good People.

Butler. Where there is ſo much eating. (*aſide*)

Noddy: At leaſt though I cannot conform inwardly, I will conform outwardly; and that will do your buſineſs as well, give us ſome Wine, they ſhall ſee what I can do.

Enter Servingman, Cook, and all the Servants.

Butler. With all my heart, Gentlemen you are come in good time to be merry with Mr *Noddy*.

Noddy. Ay Gad I'm in a merry humour.

Cook. Here's a pretty turn.

Noddy. Give me a Beer-glaſs, here's the King and all the Royal Family, huzzah: t'other, here's Sir *Richard Lovemore*'s, huzzah: the t'other, nay Gad take me give me a third, here's my Ladies, huzza: pledge me all of you, and let every Bumper be a facer thus.

[*They drink off their Glaſſes, and Huzzah:*

Sevrm. Is that a facer, faith 'tis very pretty.

Noddy. Nounz I'll have you to know, I can be as good Company as e're a he that wears a head:

He that wears a brave Soul. and dares honeſtly do,
He's a Herald to himſelf and a Godfather too.

Butler. Here's a Transformation.

Noddy. Come faith, let's ſing a Catch.

A Boat, a Boat, haſte to the Ferry,
For we came over to be merry;
To Laugh and Quaff, and drink old Sherry.

Enter Sir Richard *by the Door.*

Sir Rich. Here's a turn; here's a Hypocritical Rogue, I think we ſhall have *Ovid Metamorphoſis* in this houſe; but I am too much concern'd to mind this Diverſion: but where are my Friends I wonder.

Ex. Sir Richard.

Enter the Waſſaler, and Sing their Waſſal Song.

[Noddy *joyns with 'em in the Song.*

Butler. Come on Friends, and fall heartily to our *Chriſtmas* Gambals after a Rouze or two.

[*They fall a drinking.*

Rowl. What you tell us Sir has much of wonder in it.

Long. It is prodigious if it prove true.

Noddy. Come now, let's have a dance.

Noddy *kiſſes and ruffles the Waſſallers.*

Butler. Now Parſon let's have one Chriſtmas Gambal; we'll play the Blackſmith.

Noddy. Ay, come with all my heart, how is that.

Butler. Come we'll ſhow you, you ſhall down firſt, here, lye down upon this form.

Noddy. Ay come, come, Gad I'm almoſt drunk:

Butler. Come I'll play the Smith and blow the Bellows, ye are my two Journeymen.

They beat upon him like two Smiths with Boots, he roars out Murder, Murder, and all the Company laugh, and they leave off when Sir Richard *ſpeaks.*

Cook. } We are ready.
Serv. m. }

Butler. Beſure you lay him on.

Enter the Coblor.

Sir Rich. How now *Jobſon*, have you brought your Wife with you?

Jobſon. Yes and pleaſe your worſhip, ſhe's here at the Door, a little from the houſe ſhe fell into a Swoond, I thought I nere ſhou'd have recovered her. But at laſt a tweak or two by the Noſe, and half a Dozen ſtraps has done the buſineſs. Here where are you Huſwife, come in?

Sir *Rich.*

Sir *Rich.* Light there 'tis very dark. [Butler *holds the Candle*

[*He lets fall the Candle and Servingman takes it up.*

Enter Lady.

Butler. Oh Heaven and Earth, what's this my Lady.

Jobſon. What does he ſay, is my Wife changed to my Lady?

[*The Servants run away and ſneak.*

Cook. I thought the other was too good to be my Lady.

Lady to Sir Rich. You are the perſon I have moſt offended, to whom I muſt confeſs I have been the worſt of Women, bating I have kept my Body undefiled, it has pleaſed *Heaven* to puniſh me moſt ſharply for my Crimes, *Heaven* left me to ſuffer under the power of Enchantment; I am fully ſenſible of all my faults, and ſince I abhor 'em and deteſt my ſelf for them, I hope that *Heaven* and you will pardon me, here will I kneel and fix till I have procured yours at leaſt, and *Heaven* be witneſs to my Reſolutions. The Remnant of my Life ſhall be imploy'd in duty and obſervance of you, if you'll vouchſafe to take me to your Boſom.

Sir Rich. Riſe Madam I forgive you, and if you be ſincere, you'll make me happier than all the Enjoyments of the World could do

Jobſon. What a pox muſt I loſe my Wife thus? where the Devil is my t'other Wife? here's conjuring indeed.

Enter Jane *and Maid.*

Jane. Oh Sir the ſtrangeſt accident has hapned, it has amazed us, and almoſt bereft us of our ſences, my Lady was in ſo great a ſwoond we thought ſhe had been dead.

Maid. And when ſhe came to her ſelf, ſhe proved another woman.

Sir Rich. Ha ha, that's a Bull indeed.

Jane, She is ſo changed I know her not, I never ſaw her face before, O Lord is this my Lady!

Maid. I ſhall be beaten again.

Jane. I thought our happineſs was too great to laſt.

Lady. Fear not, my Servants, Sir let 'em all be called in, I will give eaſe and quiet to your Family, I am a hearty Penitent, good Servants I acknowledge I have been too harſh and rigorous to ye all, but *Heaven* has given me another mind, it ſhall be my endeavour to make ye all happy. I'm ſure no Miſtreſs ſhall outdo me in *Kindneſs* and in *Gentleneſs.* *All the Servants and Tenants come in.*

Sir Richard. Hold in this mind, thou wilt be the beſt of women

and I the happieſt of men, the other was a falſe and ſhort liv'd Joy, but this I hope will long continue.

Lady. May *Heaven* wreak all its vengeance on me if once I alter from this Reſolution, or e're I contradict your will again.

Sir Rich. This is a day of wonders.

Enter Nell.

Nell. My head turns round I muſt go home, why *Zekel* what are you there?

Jobſon Look you, look now, hey dey, what a Devil, what's that Queen my Wife? here's a rare buſineſs, Gad I dare not come near her.

Sir Richard. 'Tis rare indeed, we have all this day been under the Power of Enchantment to which *Heaven* knows there was not my leaſt Conſent. *Heaven* often turns even the malice of *Devils* to produce a good end, this is no doubt a happy change, I'll celebrate it with all the joy, I did proclaim, for my late ſhort lived Viſion.

Lady. To me 'tis happier than my Birth day was.

Sir Rich Now Madam ſince you have reſigned your will to me, where is the *Chaplain.*

Butler. Here Mr. *Noddy*, where are you? he's in the Buttery, here come in.

Noddy *Enters drunk.*

Sir Rich Behold your Saint here.

Lady I do confeſs my ſelf in the wrong.

Sir Rich Go Hypocrite I diſcard thee.

Noddy. Diſcard me, for what, Nounz I'll conform, what a Pox do you mean.

Sir Richard. Thou wicked wretch, thou ſcandal to thy own Profeſſion, would'ſt thou maliciouſly thus bring one on ours, by thinking to conform by being vicious? deteſted Beaſt be gone, carry him to his Chamber, our Church condemns all ſuch Debauchery, though ſuch vile wretches wou'd bring a ſcandal on it. Give him ten pound, and in the morning ſend him packing: here *Jobſon* take thy fine Wife.

[*They carry him out.*

Jobſon. But hold Sir, did not your worſhip Sir make me a Cuckold under the Roſe.

Sir Richard. No upon my honour nor ever kiſt her till I came from hunting, ſhe was my Bed fellow for a little while, and for this happy change, I'll give thee with her five hundred Pound,

buy

buy ſtore of Leather, and be my Shoemaker, I'll help thee to all the Cuſtom in the Country.

Jobſon. Ho boys I am a Prince, a Prince, come hither *Nell*, come to thine own dear *Zekel*, I'll never ſtrap thee more.

Nell Indeed I have been in ſuch a dream, I'm quite weary of it.

Jobſon kneels. Can your good Ladiſhip forgive my ſtrapping your good Ladiſhip ſo very much. [*To the Lady.*

Lady. With all my heart, the joy of this bleſt change makes all things good again.

Nell. Forſooth Madam will you pleaſe to take your Clothes, and let me have mine again.

Lady. No thou ſhalt keep 'em, and I'll preſerve thine as Reliques.

Sir Rich. Gentlemen let me preſent you to my Wife.

Rowl. We wiſh your Ladiſhip all the joy your heart can hope for.

Long. May all your Life be ever happy Madam.

Lady. Gentlemen pray pardon me, I think I was a Madwoman laſt night, *Heaven* now has brought me to my ſelf.

Sir Richard. No more of this Subject.

Proclaim my joys in every place aloud.
Bonfires ſurround my houſe, let the Bells ring,
Let's dance and revel, feaſt. carouze and ſing.

All the Servants cry } Long live my Lady and Sir *Richard.*

Jobſon. *Now let me ſpeak, if I may be ſo bold,*
Nought but the Devil ſure can tame a Scold.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Jevon, *and Mrs.* Percyval.

Mr. *Jevon.* COme *Nell.*, prithee while I dreſs for the Dance, ſpeak ſomething in my behalf to theſe Friends of mine here, for I'm ſure they are all Friends.

Mrs. Percival. Who I *Zekel*; Oh Lord you know, I want dacity when I come before great Folks.

Mr. Jevon. How now Huzwife dare you diſpute it? remember my ſtrap you Quean.

Mrs Percival. Hold, hold good Husband, I'll try what I can do?

To the People. Oh moſt curious fine Gentlefolks, I hope you will pardon me for being ſo bold, but ne're ſtir, I'll never let you alone till I find you kind to poor *Zekel*, for he's as pretty a Fellow as e're ſtrapp'd Wife.

Mr. *Jevon.* Why how now, what a Pox is all this for? what ſpeak an Epilogue in Proſe? (the Devil) I could have done that my ſelf you fooliſh Jade. For example now.

{*Addreſſes himſelf to the Audience, and makes a long Banter, and goes off, after that he ſpeaks.*

Look you Huzwife, there as good proſe, as any is in *England* but I muſt have it in verſe, all beaten Verſe, away with it.

Mrs. Percyval.

YOU cannot ſure ungenerouſly refuſe,
The firſt addreſs of a young tender muſe;
So modeſt that ſhe neare attempts to fly,
Up to the loſty pitch of Comedy;

Farce

Farce is her aim, the perſons low and mean,
Humble the language homely is the ſcene,
Let this poor ſhrub ſecure from cenſure grow,
For all the Criticks ſtormy rage too low:
If you'll your thundering indignation vent,
Let it on lofty bumbaſt all be ſpent.
Applauded nonſence where ſad Lovers pine,
And Hero's rant and fight, and cry and whine;
And the old buskins empty ſmelling ſtrains,
That cracks the Players lungs and Poets brains,
Theſe, theſe are triumphs for your forces fit,
But who upon a Droll e're ſpent his wit;
Or crititiz'd on Merry Andrew *yet?*
Whilſt all the lofty Frigots you attack,
Pray let in ſafety paſs this little Smack.
Your ſhot 'gainſt us will waſte i'th' empty Sky,
The Whiſtling bullets o're our heads will fly;
We lye ſo low your Cannon mount too high.

FINIS.